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THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

A FAMILY WEEKLY PERIODICAL---Devoted to Literature, Science, Domestic and Foreign News, Mechanics, Agriculture, Education, Finance, Amusements, &c.---INDEPENDENT ON ALL SUBJECTS.

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[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.

FORGOTTEN.

BY N. J. W.

I will forget. This one wild thought
Has burned for years within my heart,
But, ah! the studied, stern resolve,
As snow-wreaths 'neath the sun, dissolves,
And memory's fire will kindle still
Against my wish, against my will,
The flames that wake a gilded train,
But end, alas! in mournful strain.

I will forget. Thou art roaming now,
Bearing with thee thy broken vow.
May be thou art where the golden sands
Flow forth from Eldorado's land—
Perhaps beneath a southern sky,
Where balmy winds forever sigh—
May be amid the cultured vines,
Old castled England claims thy time—
May be on Scotia's green plains, where
A Burns has swept his cherished lyre,
Or where the scented rose-leaves grace
The lovely olden isle of France—
May be thou art in the land of song,
Trifling amid her gay, proud throng,
Italia's sky, with softest ray,
Throwing its sunlight on thy way,
Perhaps thou art on the broad deep home,
Whose billows bear thee ever on.

I will forget—unworthy one,
I care not *where* thy steps have gone,
With dark untruth thy heart is black,
I would not stoop to wish thee back.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

DREAMING.

BY E. N. H.

O! my mother, I've been dreaming
Of the olden home and thee;
There thine eyes were always beaming
On thy children in their glee.

All was joyous in my dreaming,
Time had wrought no changes there;
And the children's merry greeting
Rang like music on the air.

In the corner stood the cradle,
And our grandsire's hoary head
Bowed with ours around the table,
Where the evening meal was spread.

While the voice of glad thanksgiving
Rose as from an altar shrine,
Little hands around *thee* clasping
Childish eyes upturned to thine.

And our father, tender teacher,
He was sitting by your side,
Not as you now see him, mother,
But when in his manhood's pride.

Oh! it was a joyous meeting,
After years of toil and pain,
When my heart was warmly beating
In the olden home again.

OUR ORIGINAL NOVELETTE.

"LINDEN HALL."

WRITTEN FOR THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER—PHILADA.

BY M. A. EDWARDS.

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[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XXX.

"Allan has been here twice to see you, Serena; and he says you *must* come down, if only for a few minutes. He looks the very picture of despair. How can you be so cruel?"

Such was Kate's greeting, as she entered my room the morning after my interview with Mr. Croland. The night before I had refused to see him, on the plea of indisposition; that morning he had called, and I sent him word that I was engaged. I thought two rebuffs would keep him from coming again, but now he had sent Kate for me. He was evidently determined to see me, and it was best to have it over as soon as possible.

When I entered the parlor, Allan was pacing the room. He came to me directly, took both my hands in his, and led me gently to the window, where the light fell full upon my face.

"You are pale and sad, my love," he said, so tenderly, that it was with a strong effort I restrained my tears. "I knew you would regret those cruel words you wrote yesterday, and would recall them to-day. You have only to say 'Allan, I love you still,' and I will forgive you the long night of misery I have passed through."

I was silent, I could not trust myself to speak.

"You will not speak, Serena. Then look at me. Read the love in my eyes, and you can be cruel no longer."

I averted my face, for well I knew he spoke truly. He dropped my hands, and sunk into a seat near me and covered up his face. I longed to comfort him—but, no! I had pledged my word to his mother. I could not soothe his aching heart. I had no power to soothe my own.

"Allan," said I, and I was surprised when I heard my own tones, so clear and calm. "Allan, oh! why did you seek this interview? This pang might have been spared us both."

"Then it does grieve you, Serena," he said, starting to his feet, while a new hope shed its light over his countenance. "Tell me what terrible stroke has fallen that is to separate us forever. I surely have a right to know why you send me from you."

"Alas! Allan, I wish I could tell you, but it is impossible. Henceforward our paths lie in different directions. I hope you will find only roses in yours."

"Vain wish, Serena, while you are strewing it with thorns. Tell me, dearest, in what way I have offended you?"

"In nothing, Allan. No word or look of yours has ever given me any feeling but that of pleasure. You can never reproach yourself with unkindness to the orphan girl, who will ever cherish a grateful remembrance of you. It is all I can give you now, Allan. Perhaps, in after years, when we have both conquered this grief, we may meet as friends."

"Never," he cried, passionately. "If you cannot give me your love, talk not to me of such a cold, heartless word as friendship. But you do not, cannot mean it. What mysterious influence has so suddenly blighted all my hopes—all *our* hopes—for you love me still. I know you love me, then do not torture me thus. What has happened?"

"Do not ask me, Allan, I cannot tell you; but there are circumstances which forbid our union. It is best for us to part until we can meet as a friend."

"Do not say that hateful word," he cried. "You stand there so calmly and coldly, and say it is best for us to part. Are you made of stone, Serena? But lately I thought you all tenderness and love. But I know what those circumstances are. Do not think to deceive me. You love another. Was ever fidelity found in woman?"

I was shocked. It had never occurred to me that Allan could think me false. I watched him as he strode up and down the apartment like a caged lion, and I thought, perhaps it was best he should think thus. He might sooner conquer his love, and he might be happy. I made no reply. My calmness only increased his fury.

"Fool that I have been," he exclaimed, impetuously. "I might have known long ago that that canting hypocrite, Edgar Dudley, had your love. Brotherly affection! What a shallow subterfuge!"

"I think it is time, Mr. Meredith, that this interview was brought to a close."

"Now I have offended you, Serena. Forgive me. I am mad, raving mad, and I know not what I say. But I cannot bear to think of you as the wife of Edgar Dudley, noble as I know him to be. I cannot give you up to any one."

"You mistake, Allan. Edgar Dudley can never be more to me than a brother."

"Then you do love me. You have not given your heart to another. Oh! tell me this is so, Serena."

This prolonged interview was becoming exceedingly painful, and yet I feared to close it. I shrunk from bidding him farewell. And then, as I thought it was probably our last meeting on earth, my heart failed me, and, sinking on the sofa, I burst into tears. In a moment Allan became calm and tender. For the last time his tones fell gently upon my ear as he soothed me. It was sweet to hear his comforting words, although my heart told me they could never be true.

"You cannot conceal from me, darling, that you still love me. A great struggle is going on in your heart between your inclination and some other feeling—I cannot imagine what. I will not increase your anguish, my love, by my reproaches. You have told me to leave you, and I will obey—but not forever. Some powerful reason influences your conduct. I will trust you, Serena, for I know you to be noble and true. Fate decrees us to part now, but we will meet again. There are bright and happy days in store for us yet. We will bear our heavy burden as patiently as we can, and wait hopefully for the end. Whatever happens, I will be faithful and constant to my promised bride. Remember, my love, I am thine forever!"

And thus he comforted me, stifling his own agony to keep from increasing mine. I never loved him so well as at that moment.

But we must part, and I rose and held out my hand to him. "Farewell, Allan," was all I could say. He seized my hand and covered it with passionate kisses.

"Let me hear you say, once more, 'Allan, I love you.'"

I smiled faintly. "I have tried to be very heroic, Allan, and to let you imagine that I loved another—but I cannot do it. I love you too well to conceal it from you."

"Bless you for those words, Serena. I shall never forget them. Keep this little sapphire ring I gave you. It is the last request I make of you. I do not ask you to wear it—only look at it sometimes and think of me."

I took the ring, and slipped it on my finger. "It shall stay there, Allan, until you have forgotten me, and pledged your faith to another."

"Then it will remain there forever."

"Once more, Allan, good-bye."

He caught me in his arms; strained me tightly to his heart—imprinted a lingering kiss upon my lips—and was gone.

When the street door closed, it seemed like the knell of a departed joy. And yet I did not weep. Allan's words had calmed me. The very fact that he had parted from me in love and not anger was a great comfort. Perchance some time we might—but, no! I would build no more air castles. The present was all I ought to think of—the bitter, the desolate, agonizing present.

I longed to indulge my grief, but I must return to work. My pupils were even now expecting me, and wondering at my long delay. And so, with aching heart and head, I went into the school-room to my daily tasks.

"Serena, what have you done to Allan?" said Kate, that evening, after we had retired to our rooms.

"What strange questions you ask, Kate."

"Do you know that he has suddenly left the city, called away on pressing business? I have an idea your ladyship had something to do with it. He might at least have bid us good-bye. The provoking creature. Did he say anything to you about leaving the city, when he was here this morning?"

"Not a word," I replied, stooping to unlace my gaiter.

"You and Allan are a strange couple, Serena. I never could exactly comprehend you. A few days since, I had decided upon your wedding-dress, and now Allan has flown off in a tangent. There is something mysterious here that I do not understand."

"I do not see why you should ascribe Mr. Meredith's departure to me. He has frequently left the city before."

"You are determined not to give me your confidence," said Kate, pouting. "I am a famous hand at carrying on these affairs. Well, it is only a lovers' quarrel, I suppose. I will wait hopefully for the end."

The very words Allan had used. Perhaps they were right. I would wait hopefully for the end. Wait! what a dreary word to the young. Miss Ogden had waited through long, long years, and was waiting still.

A few days later, as I sat listlessly in the deserted school-room, a hand was laid gently upon my bowed head. It was Miss Ogden, who had stolen upon me unawares.

"You must not sit there and mope, Serena. Come and ride with me. The air is fresh and cool, and we will drive into the country. The sight of that will revive you."

I would greatly have preferred being left alone, but I could not resist Miss Ogden's kindness, and I went with her. We were very silent until we had left the noise of the city behind us, and were among the green fields. Then Miss Ogden said, gently:

"You are growing thin and pale, Serena. We have all noticed it. Are you sick?"

I shook my head, and she continued: "I fear you are not well, but Emma says when we move into the country you will be better. You are not accustomed to the confinement of city life. It makes you low-spirited, my dear."

"Oh, no! it is not that," I cried, laying my head in her lap. "I am sick at heart—sick nigh to death," and I wept bitterly.

"Poor young thing! poor child!" said Miss Ogden, and I felt the hot tears dropping upon my hair. "And has it come to this? What has grieved you, my child?"

"I cannot tell you now, Miss Ogden. Perhaps I may some other time."

"Never mind, my dear. Do not tell me if it grieves you. It is the same old story, I expect—many a woman's heart history. Poor child! In all your trials, remember that Sarah Ogden is ever ready to sympathize with you."

"I can never forget your kindness to me. Some day I will give you my confidence. I cannot now."

"I do not ask it, my dear. There are some sorrows so great and crushing they cannot be told. Suffering silently, and ever brooding over her wrongs—this is all that is left to woman, while the world scoffs at her sorrow. She who, after burying a first love, finds another, does a praiseworthy act. Serena, I hate this world so much that I often wish I could fly from it and seek another."

"Is the whole world so unfeeling?"

"The world is selfish, my child. It is a sad thing to be in it and be unloved."

"But you have friends who love you."

"In their way; but they have other and nearer ties. That is the curse of single women, Serena—a constant yearning for *undivided* love—a yearning that is never satisfied."

It was strange that such a conversation as this should comfort me, but it withdrew my thoughts in a measure from myself, while I thought of the life-long sorrow of this poor woman. And so, each thinking for and striving to comfort the other, we talked during the remainder of our ride. On my return, I found the following note from Edgar Dudley:

"MY DEAR SISTER:—What will you say when I tell you I am actually meditating a visit to Philadelphia? Mrs. Wilson wishes to know if you can return here with me. She is in very feeble health, and needs your love and tender nursing. May I join my entreaties to hers? You are no happy, my sister. You are scarcely conscious how the tone of your letters have altered, but I can detect the change. Come to us, and let us lighten your sorrows, or at least share them with you.

"We are quite anxious to see you. Mrs. Wilson fears you may be ashamed of us plain country folks, and that you have got to be a fine lady, but I have no such fears. At all events, a few weeks of Sydney air and Sydney society will restore you to your former self. We do not pretend to be unselfish in our request. We miss you sadly, and Mrs. Wilson says, if she once gets you here, you shall not leave us soon again.

"I shall be in Philadelphia in a week. Until then, adieu."

CHAPTER XXXI.

Once more in the quiet village of Sydney—far from the busy world—free from exciting pleasures, I thought I should find time to nurse my grief and brood over the memory of my wrongs. Well was it for me that this was not permitted. With my morbid temperament and excitable fancy, I fear to think what the result might have been. I found I had only exchanged one kind of care for another—the school-room for the sick-room.

I was shocked at the alteration a few short months had made in the appearance of Mrs. Wilson. Her cheeks, which were so round and full, were now hollow and sunken; her eyes shone with unnatural brilliancy; and her skin, which was formerly so fair and soft, was now sallow and wrinkled. She was but the wreck of her former self, but she seemed as active and energetic as ever, and I could not believe she was as feeble as Edgar thought. But she grew weaker every day, until she could no longer leave her room, and then she laid her wearied body upon the bed, from which she was to rise no more.

I established myself in her sick room, her constant attendant, and loved to think that, by so doing, I was discharging in some measure the debt of gratitude I owed her. But still the gain was mine, for her apartment was the abode of peace and Christian resignation and bright-winged hope. Saint-like she lived! Saint-like she died! Many and sweet were the communings we held together, and I forgot my griefs in listening to the words of consolation and love that fell from her lips.

I told her all my trouble, and she comforted me by telling me I had done right, and then she wept with me. We seldom spoke on this subject, however. She was drawing near the spiritual world, and her thoughts were mostly there.

And Edgar—he was a minister of comfort to us both throughout those long and sorrowful days and months. His grave and earnest manner, almost sad in its tenderness, was so pleasant and soothing after the storms of passion that had lately swept over my soul.

Memory loves to dwell upon that time, melancholy though the remembrance is, it was so full of sweet and comforting thoughts, and words of holiness and peace.

At the close of the summer, Mrs. Wilson died. One Sabbath morning, when a holy quiet reigned over the little village; when the leaves were still, and the waves of the bay beat with a gentle pulse against the sands; in that time of calm and quiet beauty; without a struggle; without even a sign or word; she, whose life had been so calmly beautiful, passed through the gates of Sleep into Death.

As I looked at the placid features, it seemed to me it would be pleasant to follow her into the dim region beyond the grave. I longed for the rest she had found. But I was left to live and mourn. I wept not for her, but for myself, stricken and alone.

Alone! How ungrateful in me to think so. Miss Ogden wrote me a long letter, sympathizing with me in my bereavement, and, in a manner the most delicate and affectionate, urged me to come and make my home with her.

"I am weary," she wrote, "of the life I am leading. I long to have a home, and some one to love me as I wish to be loved. I flatter myself that you will do this in time, Serena, for, like myself, you now have no one to cling to. Come and be my sister—my daughter—what you will, if you will only love me. I am rich, Serena; rich in money and in love, but I have hitherto been selfish with both. I want now to share them with you.

"If you will live with me, I will take a house in the city, or country, or where you choose, and we may yet be happy together. I can assure you the obligation will be all on my side. Write, and tell me when you will come. I cannot tell you why I love you so much, Serena, but you are dearer to me than any living being, save one, and he is—I know not where. It may be years before I see him. Until he returns, I shall be very desolate, unless you will cheer me with your presence."

This was an unexpected offer, but I could not accept it. I had too much pride to be dependent, even upon such a friend as Sarah Ogden. I wrote to her, frankly stating my reasons for declining her kindness. Edgar approved of what I had done. I consulted him in everything now, and relied upon him as if he were indeed my brother.

Then came letters from my pupils. Even Mrs. Lane roused herself into sufficient energy to write, and urge me to return to them to Philadelphia. This I also declined. There were too many painful associations connected with that city for me to wish to return there.

Kate's letter came last. She was in Virginia when Mrs. Wilson died, but wrote as soon as she returned home. The letter was like Kate herself; an odd mixture of affectionate sympathy and fun. But the last paragraph seemed to burn itself into my brain.

"But I came near forgetting to tell you that I attended a wedding while in the Old Dominion, or rather a marriage, for it was a very quiet affair, and dull enough. But who do you think was the bridegroom? No less a person than your old flame, my cousin, Allan Meredith. I think you had very bad taste to discard my handsome cousin, but he has consoled himself—as all men do. It was rather a hurried affair, I believe, but cousin Fanny is so deep and secret that I could not find out much about the matter. She has been half crazy for Allan to marry Lelia Clare, and now she is satisfied, I hope. I am not acquainted with my new cousin. I never saw her until her wedding day, but she is exquisitely beautiful, and was the prettiest bride I ever saw. The happy couple have left for Europe, where I expect they will remain some time, for Allan is Europe mad. Cousin Fanny will follow them in a few months."

A chill seemed to fall upon my heart as I read. I did not weep or cry out. I was stunned by the intelligence; it was so utterly unexpected. I had never once thought of the possibility of Allan's loving another. The predictions of his mother and of Mr. Croland came vividly to my mind. Alas! how true were their words! How soon had Allan learned to forget me! Where now were all his vows and protestations? His fine theory of love had vanished into thin air. How well I could recall the words he spoke when he sat by my side, on the deck of the steamboat, and told me that we never could experience a second love—that not even death could destroy our soul communion. How my heart sickened to remember these words; and what a foolish girl I had been to believe them. My glance fell upon the sapphire ring, "emblem of his constancy," "omen of our future life." False omen indeed! I had told him I would wear it until he plighted his faith to another. I took off the bauble, and was about to crush it beneath my feet, but I saw the words "Thine forever," and arrested my hand. They reminded me of former joys. I would keep the ring in remembrance of that happy time, and, opening the secret drawer of my writing desk, placed it there.

Edgar had told me he had a new book that he wished to read to me that afternoon. I took my sewing and went down into the vine-covered back porch, where Edgar was awaiting me. I listened to his flute-like voice as one listens to a strain of music; but I do not think I heard one word. He soon stopped.

"You are sick, Serena," he said, anxiously.

"No, Edgar, I am not sick, but I am very, very cold."

"Then we will go into the house. This evening air is too chilly for you."

I remember that I arose and attempted to walk. I staggered, and would have fallen had not Edgar caught me. I recollect nothing more.

When I awoke to consciousness it was night. I was lying in my own bed, but the room did not look quite familiar. Heavy curtains were draped over the windows; vials and glasses were arranged on the mantel-piece, and on the light stand near me. A fire was blazing on the hearth, and near it sat a female figure. I thought it was young Mrs. Wilson, but could not see distinctly. I looked down at my hand, which lay upon the coverlet; it was very white, and so very, very thin. I tried to move, but was so weak and faint I could scarcely stir. This slight movement aroused my companion, and she approached the bed. I felt too weak to talk, and closed my eyes. She bent down and kissed me. That was such an unwonted manner with Mrs. Wilson that my eyes flew wide open in astonishment.

"Kate Lane! dear, dear Kate!" was all I could say.

"There now, Serena, don't cry," said Kate, weeping with all her might. "The Doctor told me not to let you see me when you awoke, and he will scold me if he comes in and finds you agitated. I thought you were asleep, or I would have sent Mrs. Wilson to you."

"I have been ill a long time, Kate, have I not?"

"About six weeks."

"So long as that! How very sick I must have been!"

"You are going to get well now, so it is not worth while to talk about that. You have had excellent nursing, for I have been here all the time. Mr. Dudley wrote us word how ill you were, and Doctor Radnor hardly gave me time to breathe before he whisked me on here, where I have been five weeks to-day. He has been to see you once since, and father has been also. Aunt Sarah has gone to Charleston to spend the winter, and I have not written to her of your sickness, for if she came she would do all the nursing herself, and I cannot get along with her anywhere."

"I cannot imagine, Kate, what makes you all so good to me."

"Because we hate you, of course. Nobody likes you. You are so disagreeable. You never treated me with any kindness while I was at Linden Hall; and we all know that you never took any pains with my outrageously bad sisters to make them behave like decent people. O, no, you are a very naughty, disagreeable girl! Don't speak one word. I am to do every bit of the talking. The Doctor said you were not to be told anything, but if I don't tell you, you will die with curiosity. Mother wrote me word not to leave you until you were perfectly well, but she might have spared her commands. Edgar Dudley is a jewel. I have fallen desperately in love with him, and he is in love with some one else. That is all I have to tell. Now go to sleep."

"What did I talk about in my delirium, Kate?"

"You did not seem disposed to talk much, and were very indifferent about everything. When you did talk, though, you said some of the funniest things. You will laugh heartily when I repeat them to you. You did not betray any secret, however, and did not mention either Allan or Edgar once."

Kate had divined the thought that prompted my question. Dear Kate! always thoughtful for those she loved, in the midst of her gaiety and nonsense. How her love has cheered many an hour that would otherwise have been sorrowful to me. How her cheerful, happy temperament has lightened many a cloud that was hanging upon my horizon. Some such thoughts as these were gliding through my mind. I pressed her hand in silence.

"Now don't look so pitiful and sentimental," she said, with one of her low, silvery laughs. "You shall laugh soon, I promise you. But I have already talked too long. You must go to sleep."

She glided back to her seat by the fire. I tried to recall what had happened just before my illness; but my mind was not equal to the effort, and I soon sunk into a deep and refreshing sleep.

When I again awoke, the sunlight was shining brightly into my room. My first thought was of Kate's letter, which I had received the day I was taken sick, and which had so cruelly wounded my feelings. I shed bitter tears at the remembrance, and I think I should have sunk into utter despondency had not Kate herself been there to cheer me. Her gaiety of spirits seemed contagious, and, by a strong effort, I banished the thought of Allan from my mind.

A few days afterwards I was able to sit up for awhile, much to Kate's delight. "I think," she said, as she arranged the pillows around me, "that you are well enough now to see an old friend of yours, who has been to the house daily, making inquiries."

"An old friend of mine! Who is she?"

"Guess now, and show your Yankee training. She calls herself a friend of mine, but I do not consider her as such."

"O, Kate, you have almost told me. It is Madge Greyson."

"The very same. She has been in Sydney nearly three weeks, and has almost insisted upon coming into your sick-room and waiting upon you. But nothing would induce me to let the deceitful creature come near you, and, fortunately, I had the Doctor on my side, who said the fewer persons admitted into your room the better."

"I am glad you did not admit her, Kate; but I am not the less obliged to her for thinking of me. You must learn to like her. She has improved very much since the days we roomed with her in No. 30."

"Externally she certainly has. Sometimes I almost think her handsome. And then she dresses with such exquisite taste. I can forgive a girl for being homely, if she dresses well."

"And you must admit that she talks well."

"Yes, I believe she always did, but I never liked her; I don't now: and I never will."

"Don't be rash, Kate. I think when you know Madge better, you will like her in spite of her faults. She is young, and will overcome them in time."

"She may learn to restrain her violent temper and her spicy tongue; but, Serena, don't you remember how deceitful she used to be? That she never will overcome. It is part of her nature."

"She is striving to do so, and we should encourage her. "And," I added, as I thought of Edgar, "she has an incentive to conquer herself."

"What incentive?" said Kate, pettishly. "To secure the affections of Willie Clyde?"

"Willie Clyde!" said I, starting in amazement. "Is he in Sydney?"

"Yes," she said, laughing. "Don't jump out of the room. I remember now, Mrs. Wilson told me he was an old beau of yours, but I thought that was a childish affair, and all forgotten now."

"It is all forgotten, but the intelligence came upon me so suddenly. I supposed he was still in Europe."

"He has left college. The air of Germany did not suit his delicate constitution, *he* says; but others say that the Professors politely requested him to leave. And the gossips of your village declare, furthermore, that his father is on the eve of a failure, and that Master Will is soon to be thrown on his own resources."

I could not but think of his treatment of me under precisely similar circumstances, and I wondered if he ever [illegible] macy.

"What a solemn countenance you have!" cried Kate, in feigned dismay. "Now, Serena, I conjure you not to fall in love a second time with that man. I despise him. He is a mean, contemptible, good-for-naught."

"Kate! Kate!" I exclaimed, surprised at her warmth. "What unaccountable prejudices you take up, and they are so violent when once aroused."

"I know that I am considered a very prejudiced person, but my prejudices are not unaccountable; and they are generally right."

"I think they are very apt to be wrong. Remember Miss Ogden."

"O, pray, don't begin to praise Aunt Sarah, or you will drive me away in despair. You know she is one of my pet aversions. I found my dislike to Willie Clyde principally upon the admiration he seems to have for Madge. After having known you, to love Madge is next to impossible; and I have strong suspicions that his affections are chiefly placed upon her golden charms."

"Take care, Kate! Do not judge hastily. Madge is very attractive, apart from all such considerations. But how does she receive his attentions?"

"As a matter of course. She is a consummate flirt. I do not blame her for that, though, for I hold it is the bounden duty of every woman to flirt all in her power."

"And Edgar, what does he think of it all?"

"I doubt whether he sees it, or troubles his head about it anyway. He is very cautious in expressing his opinions; but I think I have gathered from what he has said that he admires Madge, but has no very particular admiration for Mr. William Clyde."

Here the conversation was dropped, and was not again resumed. The next day Madge flitted in to see me, as gay as a butterfly, and apparently as careless and as happy. She greeted me affectionately, and I believe she felt the delight she expressed at seeing me so well but I noticed a slight curl on Kate's lip.

The two girls talked gaily together, and would scarcely allow me to join in the conversation at all, fearing the exertion would be injurious to me, and I was so weak I was well content to listen.

"What have you been telling Miss M'Cloud about me, Kate?" said Madge, very abruptly, after a brief conversation on indifferent subjects.

Kate colored slightly, but answered without hesitation: "We have more agreeable subjects to discuss. I have only mentioned you once, and then I informed Serena that you had been here frequently to see her, and that you were engaged in a flirtation with Willie Clyde."

Madge's eyes sparkled as she inquired: "And who told you I was flirting with Willie Clyde?"

"I can see for myself that you are either flirting with him, or else you are very much in earnest. Which opinion would you prefer me to entertain?"

"I care very little," said Madge, carelessly playing with the tassel of her parasol. "The village people, I understand, are discussing me of little consequence to me. And, as for flirting, if report speaks true, Miss Kate Lane is not immaculate in that respect, as witness whole hecatombs of lovers in Philadelphia."

"Nonsense, Madge," said Kate, with a scornful toss of her head; "you and I never meet without discoursing upon beaux and flirtations. To hear us, one would think we had not two grains of common sense. Let us change the subject. What did you think of Edgar Dudley's sermon, last Sunday?"

"I believe it was good enough, but, to be candid, I did not hear much of it. I was too busy criticising my country neighbors."

I looked at Madge in surprise. Only a year before she had gone into ecstasies over Edgar's sermons, and had imagined herself deeply in love with him. She must have divined my thoughts when her eyes met mine, for she blushed and looked hastily away, saying carelessly: "Of course, Kate, you were charmed with Mr. Dudley. Every one is."

"I was delighted! His pathos, earnestness, and fervor of language, I have never heard equalled. Such a man is entirely thrown away in a place like this. He should go to the city."

"You have plenty of fine preachers, Kate," said I; "pray leave us Mr. Dudley. He is much better off where he is. He is not fitted for city life, and will do much more good in a country place."

"You certainly are the best judge," said Madge. "It is well known what a deep interest Mr. Dudley and Miss M'Cloud take in each other."

As I thought I detected a slight sneer in her tones, and as I knew she was perfectly conscious her words were untrue, I did not see fit to answer her.

"Now, Madge, you have disturbed Serena's equanimity. She looks distressed. I shall not allow you to talk thus before my patient."

"And I see Mr. Clyde coming for me to walk with him, so I will make my adieus for the present. I must deliver his message to you, however, Miss M'Cloud. He says he is much pleased to hear of your convalescence, and that as soon as you are well enough to receive his visits, he will be glad to avail himself of the opportunity of renewing an acquaintance fraught with so much pleasure in former days."

"Whew!" cried Kate, "stop and breathe after that speechification. Tell Mr. William Clyde that ladies are not always particularly anxious to renew acquaintance with their discarded lovers."

"Tell him no such thing, Madge," said I, earnestly, "but assure him that I shall be much pleased to see him."

Kate laughed, but Madge looked serious. She lingered a moment, as if about to say something, but she heard the voice of Mr. Clyde inquiring for her, and, kissing me tenderly, she glided from the room.

CHAPTER XXXII.

As soon as I was able to go down stairs, in the afternoons of the warm autumn days, Edgar would wheel the easy chair into the back porch, and, while I reclined in it, half supported by pillows, and Kate sat near me with her work, he would read to us. More frequently, however, he talked in his grave, pleasant way, and Kate, although a little afraid of him at first, soon became as funny and saucy as ever, much to Mrs. Wilson's amusement.

I have not said much about Mrs. Wilson. She was a quiet, unobtrusive little body, good and kind always, but her time and thoughts were chiefly occupied in domestic matters. She sometimes joined us in the porch, with her husband, but usually our party was reduced to three. It did not long continue thus, for Madge suddenly grew fond of coming to see me, and not long after Willie Clyde took a fancy to visit us, and scarcely a day passed that did not find them both at Mrs. Wilson's.

Willie Clyde at twenty-three was not the hero I had fancied him at nineteen. It may be my standard was higher. I compared him with Allan and Edgar, and few men could bear such a comparison. I was difficult for me to recognize in the highly-polished man of the world the reckless, impetuous lover of my childhood. He had altered in personal appearance also. He was still handsome, but the frank, joyous expression, so habitual to him in former years, was gone, and in its place there had come a cautious look, as if he dreaded lest his countenance should betray his thoughts. His appearance was rather distinguished than otherwise, and his manners graceful and attractive; but his conversation was, to my taste, very insipid, and it was a constant matter of wonder to Kate and myself what Madge found in it so pleasing. She was a girl of uncommonly fine intellect, and must have perceived the inferiority of his mind. Floating rumors had reached our little village that his career in Europe had been little else than a round of idleness and dissipation, and, judging from what I now knew of the character of his mind and morals, I could not entirely disbelieve them.

Knowing all that I did, it was not strange that I should grieve over the growing intimacy between him and Madge. They seemed to live but for each other. He was a devoted lover, and she received his attentions in a manner very flattering to his hopes. His opinions seemed to regulate all her conduct—she even consulted his taste in the style of her dress. We all perceived it. Edgar spoke of it to me several times and begged me to warn her not to trust her happiness in the hands of such a man. She would listen to this from me with more patience than from any one else, he said. But I felt it was too delicate a task for me to undertake. I never believed in match-making, or match-breaking. I hardly thought she knew of my former engagement to Willie, but he remembered it all, and would he not tell her that malice and revenge prompted me to give interested advice. And then, on the other hand, I knew of her old love for Edgar. This knowledge rather comforted me, for if she had been fickle in the one instance she might be in the other; and I hoped that, on her return home, some new face would cause her to forget Willie.

But she delayed her return, and it seemed to me that each day he was fastening the net more securely around his victim. So, one day, when she was in my room, I opened the matter, without any circumlocution, by saying, "Madge, I am going to speak very plainly to you, and you must not be offended. I want to talk with you about Mr. Clyde."

She started, and a bright blush flitted over her face, but she came and sat by me, and said gently: "I shall not be offended at anything you choose to say, for I believe you are the only person in the world who really has my welfare at heart."

I was rather surprised at this declaration, but Madge was accustomed to use strong expressions, and I took no notice of it at that time.

"I do not wish to become your confessor or to pry into the secrets of your heart, but I cannot avoid seeing that you are very much interested in Mr. Clyde. I hope, for your own sake, that your affections are not deeply engaged, for he is utterly unworthy of you, Madge."

She smiled, rather scornfully, I thought, as she said: "That is simply an assertion. Now for the proofs."

"I should think your own senses of seeing and hearing would furnish you with those. He is greatly your inferior intellectually."

"So you may think. I presume he is of a contrary opinion. And, besides, I may choose to marry my inferior. Other women have done it before me."

"But it is not a good choice, and you, of all others, should never make it. You are too violent in your feelings, and too impulsive in your nature. You will despise him in a short time."

"I believe you are right, but I am not yet convinced that Mr. Clyde is my inferior. Is that the only charge against him?"

"You know, as well as myself, what an idle, dissipated life he led in Europe."

"Yes, I know just as well—what people say—that is all that either of us know about the matter. It may be, Miss M'Cloud, that, if I am prejudiced in his favor, you may be against him."

"I do not deny, Madge, that I am, but I am not the only one who mourns over your growing affection for Mr. Clyde. Edgar Dudley thinks him entirely unworthy of you."

"Did he tell you this?" she inquired, looking up quickly into my face.

"He told me, Madge, that he could not bear the thought that a noble-hearted girl like yourself should be sacrificed to such a man. Those were his very words, and he begged me to save you, if possible."

She covered her face with her hands, and seemed lost in thought for a few moments. Then, slowly raising her head, she said: "It is too late. I am already engaged to Mr. Clyde."

"But do you *love* him, Madge?"

"Love!" she cried, springing up like a tigress, "I hate the very word! I wish I could doubt the existence of such a passion. Is not your love for Allan the curse of your life? And my silly affection for Edgar Dudley? And his devotion to you? What a cruel passion it is! And how foolish to be a slave to it! *Love!* If I loved him, I would run away from him, for then I should be certain he would never, never love me. Never speak to me of love. I have trampled it under my feet! I have conquered it!"

She did not give me time to reply to this outburst, but flushed from the room, leaving me astonished at her vehemence, and uncertain whether she still loved Edgar or not. And then what reason had she to think that I loved Allan Meredith? True, she was at Linden Hall during the short time he was there; but surely nothing in my conduct then could have led her to such a conclusion.

I felt that it was useless to say anything more to Madge on this subject. She and Willie Clyde were more devoted than usual during the next two weeks. During this time I was rapidly gaining health and strength, and was soon able to join my companions in their rides and walks.

One warm autumn day we walked to Black Rock. We took our books and drawing materials, for we had agreed to spend the day there, and return at nightfall. Mr. Clyde and Madge walked together, as usual, and Kate and myself most of the time were far behind them. Edgar was called away on some professional duty, but was to join us after a time.

"Do you know, Serena," said Kate, breaking a long silence, "that I must leave here next week?"

"So soon! Ah, Kate, how I shall miss you. If it were not selfish to keep you from those who have stronger claims upon you, I should urge you to stay longer."

"Why not return with me, dear Serena? You will be very lonely here. All at our house will be charmed to have you back again. You can remain with us at least through the winter, either as a visiter or a teacher, whichever you prefer."

"You are very kind, Kate, but I *cannot* go to Philadelphia."

She looked inquiringly at me. "Why not? I thought you were very happy there."

"And so I was, very happy, until—" I checked myself suddenly. "Yes, I was happy there; but I believe a school suits my temperament better. It is not good for me to be very happy."

"You had better enter a convent then; live on bread and water; see no one but the sisterhood, and a blind, bald-headed confessor; kneel on dried peas, etc. While you are doing penance you had better conduct it on scientific principles."

"I do not wish to do penance; but, Kate, you don't know—you can't know, how I long for *rest*. Some spot where I am shut out from gaiety—from society. These accord so little with my present feelings."

"Let me think a moment! Are you sixty or seventy? Strange that your hair has not turned gray; and, considering your venerable age, you have very few wrinkles. Come, Serena, shake off this melancholy which oppresses you, and be yourself once more. We were not put here to mope, and sigh, and pine away our lives. I know not what secret trouble you may have, but there is no grief so deep that time cannot heal. I long to see you as merry-hearted as you were at Linden Hall. Any one who could smile there, can laugh anywhere else."

"It is very well for you to talk thus, Kate. You who have never had a sorrow in your life."

"I have my troubles, too, if I chose to mope over them."

"I did not know that you had a sorrow in the world."

"Every heart knoweth its own bitterness. I wonder if Madge has any troubles. She seems perfectly happy in the love of her William. Poor, foolish girl! Look at the silly creatures!" she exclaimed, as a sudden turn in the road brought us in full view of Black Rock, where Madge and Mr. Clyde were seated by the side of the spring. He was twisting a crown of gay-colored leaves around her head.

I paused, and looked at them in silence, for the whole scene reminded me of my childish days, when he used to sit by my side in the same place, and engaged in the same employment as at present; all the time comparing my tresses to sunbeams, my lips to rose-buds, my eyes to stars, etc. I smiled.

"Of what are you thinking?" said Kate, observing the smile.

"Of the changes that may be wrought in a very few years."

"And do you regret them?" she said, glancing at the couple at the spring.

"Not those I was thinking of just then."

"In other words, you would not change places with Madge Greyson."

"Not for worlds."

Edgar did not come until late. We missed him very much, and wished repeatedly for him; but Madge and Kate were very merry, and talked and laughed incessantly, while Mr. Clyde and I were interested listeners. But Madge, ever restless, soon tired of this, and, gathering her drawing materials together, declared her intention of seeking some beautiful views. Mr. Clyde, of course, followed her, and Kate and I were again alone. She was engaged in reading a novel, and I threw myself on the mossy bank of a stream and fell into a reverie.

I was startled by hearing Kate throw her book upon the ground and heave a sigh.

"What is the matter, Kate?" I said, starting up.

"I have been thinking about you. You are a very perplexing study. You know I told you, long ago, I could not understand you, and I believe I never shall."

"The subject is not of sufficient importance to claim so much study. Cease to think of it at all."

"There is Mr. Dudley in the distance, just entering our sylvan retreat!" she exclaimed. Then, turning to me, she said: "Serena, I wish you could fancy Edgar Dudley."

"That is one of your strange speeches, dear. What castles are you building now?"

"A castle that is full of love and happiness for you."

"Then it will fall to the ground. Such castles are very unsubstantial."

"You are cruel, Serena, not to see that Edgar loves you devotedly."

"Nonsense, Kate! Your penetration is at fault now. He loves me with a brotherly affection—nothing more."

"I am not the only one who thinks otherwise."

"Don't inflict any village gossip upon me, if you please. The very fact that Edgar boards in the same house, and occasionally walks with me, is sufficient for all the good people of Sydney to have us engaged and the wedding-day set. I pay no attention to such reports."

"Well, I will not tell you what others say, but I firmly believe that he loves you; and I say again, I wish you could fancy him.

THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

PHILADELPHIA:

Wednesday Morning, March 6, 1861.

COTTON AND ITS CULTIVATION.

In the year 1621, cotton seeds were brought to Virginia, and sprang up with great vigor on the banks of the James river. Yet nothing was ever thought of this till after the war of Independence. Two things have produced the enormous demand for the American staple. One is the cotton gin, and the other the superior character of the American seed, and the cotton it produces. Africa and Asia, in fact more than half of both of those continents, are capable of producing cotton, do produce, on the whole, far more than America, and have produced it from the very earliest historic records. The microscope has demonstrated that the bandages and cloths wrapped around the most ancient mummies discovered in Egypt, are made of cotton, and some of these of a very remarkable fineness and beauty. Indeed it has been a matter of controversy for hundreds of years, whether cotton or flax is the real material used, and the microscope even has been declared to favor the pretensions of both.

In Turkey and in India cotton can be produced at two pence per pound, and yet American, at seven pence, will be preferred, because of the two advantages named. As to cleaning, the American is superior, because of the cotton gin for one thing, but also because on the rich bottom lands the weed grows larger and higher from the ground, hence it is not so apt to get mixed with sand, splashed upon it by the rains. Order and discipline in picking the cotton, so as not to let it fall on the ground, would almost entirely cure the complaints made against Indian cotton. Or a system of assortment, for which different prices would be paid, would, by degrees, produce greater care. It has even been remarked that there has been a very great falling off in the quality of American cotton within the last few years as to this matter of cleanliness, a large per centage of sand, and even stones, having been left or put into the cotton to make it weigh more.

It is the *quality* of American cotton which causes it to command such a higher price. This is partly dependent upon climate, partly upon soil, but chiefly upon cultivation. No finer and more perfect climate for the cotton plant has been found, or probably will be, than that of the Southern United States. Yet even there it grows well in such varieties of latitude, of height above the sea, of soil and of moisture, that there will doubtless be found plenty of regions in India, where the climate will do all that climate can. Even as to soil, we have seen the cotton doing well in the rich black mud of the Alabama prairies and canebrakes, where it had been sown for twenty years successively without manure and without diminution of crop. And we have seen it on the red clay hills of Georgia, or the sandy loam of South Carolina. Of course, the richer the soil the better. Cotton is a gross feeder, and the scanty height will give a planter a broad field, when he has worked his soil too hard and too long. Some planters are now beginning to find out (what all will have to come to) the importance of manuring the soil. Thus far the thriftless plan of cleaning new ground has been generally practised. It has been mainly because planted in virgin soil, that American cotton has increased in the length of the staple upon that of the old world, and improved the seed and become so valuable.

But the care which used to be taken many years ago in improving the seed, has been the chief foundations of the success of America. The finest sea island varieties were produced by a degree of care hardly conceivable now and quite gone out of practice. The master or the plantation used to go through his fields with pieces of red cloth in his hand, tying one of these pieces round such plants as appeared the most perfect in every particular. The cotton of these was picked and kept seperate from all the rest, and the seeds separated by the *hands* of his own wife and children. These seeds were the only ones sown, and thus, by selecting the best seed, and by great care bestowed on each successive culture, the seed has been brought up to its present high standard. Much of this care is now relaxed. It is probable, by the use of the same pains and care, on a carefully enriched soil, equal results might be and will be produced in parts of Asia and Africa, but the American cotton producer need not fear any such competition. By the use of cultivators and steam, instead of the hoe of the negro, great cheapness can be secured and greater perfection in keeping down the grass and refreshing the roots.

CITY RAILROAD IMPROVEMENTS.

Now that the American railway system for city streets has been inaugurated, we may expect a series of improvements, derived not merely from the experience of our own country, but of the civilized nations of the earth, acting and reacting till the conveniences of city life and travel will be multiplied inconceivably. Three prominent improvements are before these lines now, all of which will, without doubt, soon be made. The first and chief of these is, that the railroad cars will be all worked either by steam or compressed air, instead of horses. The latter, we see, is being used very successfully as the motive power in tunnelling the Alps. But this is not because it is intrinsically cheaper than steam, but because it furnishes atmospheric air, instead of consuming it. The air must be compressed by steam, and therefore will cost more. As a matter of economy, therefore, steam must and will be eventually employed. Such, indeed, are now the improvements being introduced in the application of steam on common roads, that it would not surprise us if, in twenty years, horses were the exception and steam the rule, even where there are no railways.

But horses are not easily frightened by steam carriages. We saw, the other day, a steam carriage made to run on common roads, navigated about the streets of an inland town, and horses being driven on every side of it. But though it puffed off its steam like an old man smoking his pipe, on a very large scale, the horses took it with wonderful kindness, as if they already anticipated the relief of half the burdens of their present life from this new ally, and were not in the least jealous. Here, in our own city, the locomotive comes daily into the thickly-built city, without disturbing common travel. But on the passenger railways of the city, the companies might even now give bonds safely to pay all damage arising from frights for twelve months or so, just to satisfy the public, and they would save more than they would have to pay, with engines such as are now capable of being constructed for this purpose.

Another improvement has been introduced successfully, capable of being applied to all railroads operated by steam. We mean warming the cars by steam pipes, instead of stoves. The benefit of this arrangement would be very great every way. As a matter of economy, it has been proved on railroads on which long trains are run, that it would save nearly the entire expense of the coal and wear of stoves. Let two pipes, of sufficient calibre, pass along the whole length of the cars, in a convenient way, capable of being made continuous to other cars by vulcanized India-rubber connections, and the waste steam may all be passed through a train, and impart sufficient heat to warm the whole. On city passenger roads, where the engine and the car would be connected in one, there would be no trouble at all in heating the cars from the waste steam, by means of pipes around the sides of the car, under the seats. This would make the passenger railroad travel vastly more comfortable in winter than it now is. How much safer, also, would railroad travelling generally be, if all the cars were heated in this way? In case of an accident now, the cars are generally set on fire by the hot stoves and anthracite coal strewed among the wood work, and often burning up the wounded passengers. Probably nearly half the destruction of life and property which has been occasioned might be saved. Indeed, the hollow iron pipes themselves might contribute much to the strength of the cars. The equitable temperature which they would establish would be one of the chief advantages. Where such arrangements have been fully tested, they are found to work admirably.

One of the most singular changes being introduced is that of lighting the cars in London with gas, manufactured in our own mountains. We can hardly suppose that this can be intended as a regular thing. It would be too much like sending coals to Newcastle. But the pattern of the portable gas chambers has been introduced from this country, although for thirty years and more they have had companies in London in the habit of supplying gas in portable chambers of another kind. The more perfect the arrangements for light and heat and uniform travelling, the greater will be the comfort to the citizens, and the more the profits for the companies. The value of real estate in the suburbs has been raised nearly fifty per cent. by our city railroad improvements, and it only needs a liberal policy on the part of our Legislature and the public, towards all possible experiment, for the system to be developed so perfectly that the present conveniences will seem poor, compared with those which will yet be introduced.

SUNDAY TRAVEL has commenced on all the Middlesex, Mass., horse railways. The Boston Transcript says the accommodation has long been desired, but was defeated by the illiberal action of the late city government of Charlestown. Sunday travel entered largely into the elements of the recent municipal election in that city, and the present authorities throw no obstacle in the way of accommodating the public. Every city and town except Philadelphia can use their railroads every day of the week. Are we so much more piously conscientious than any other city of the United States, or are we more prejudiced?

THE NEXT HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES in Congress will be reduced in number 33 members, by the States which have seceded.

DISMISSIONS FROM OFFICE.

The question before the incoming administration is the preservation, or rather the restoration of the Union. So said in substance Mr. Seward, and so say the whole body of the people. North Alabama, Tennessee, Missouri, Virginia and North Carolina have proclaimed their adherence to the Union, and the terms at issue between the most conciliatory men of the North and of the South are such that we may reasonably hope for an accommodation. But there is such a task to accomplish to bring back the Cotton States to a true and hearty allegiance, as might well occupy a life time. It will not be a very easy thing to break up the Montgomery confederacy. The true way for the incoming President most easily to do this would be to rise (as the President ought who would tread in the steps of Washington) above all parties, and be equally the friend to all now willing to take hold and support the laws and the constitution heartily.

Such men as Collector Hatch of New Orleans and al others who are traitors and have perjured themselves, may well be cashiered by the President. But if the host of applicants for office now flattering about Washington are to be rewarded with fat places, if every petty postmaster is to be changed throughout the North and the South, it may or may not be according to precedent, but it will be utterly at variance with the spirit of Washington and of a President such as the times demand. The fewer changes the better, where the officers are true and faithful to their duties and to the constitution.

In the city of Washington everything seems at this moment to partake of uncertainty. Churches and houses are stopped in the middle of their erection, because no one yet knows how sweeping the changes will be. The want of hope and confidence in the future produces always more serious effects than any want of money in the present. This is what is creating nine-tenths of the present stagnation at Washington. Those who are any way traitorous to the Constitution or the confidences in any way implied in their oaths of office, or the duties involved by their positions, had better be cut loose, and the sooner the better. But no administration will permanently strengthen itself by removing good and capable officers to reward office-hunters. Those who have sought to break down the old administration merely for the sake of securing some fat appointment for themselves or their friends, are not the men who can or will form strong or reliable adherents to any government.

In ordinary times it would matter but little what the people might think compared with what it will at the present moment. Every thing is stagnant at the North for want of confidence, and all of these changes, even those threatened, tend seriously to increase distrust, by turning things from their ordinary channels. But in the present state of the South questions of peace or war, conciliation or rebellion, may turn just upon the changes of appointments made upon a party basis. Whether right or wrong, we all know that the South *regarded* the party which elected Mr. Lincoln as their sworn enemies. If now they see every true and faithful officer of the Government in the North changed to make room for some zealous adherent of that party, they will feel not only that they have no friends or representatives left in government officers, but that if any of the same men are left in the South who have proved true and faithful, that it is only because a temporary expediency requires it. The hatred to government officers as such, will make it most difficult to recover the control of the arms and of the forts, of the post-office and the United States Courts.

If Mr. Lincoln is a statesman, intending to win the confidence of the South, there is no way in which he can so effectually do this and disarm opposition, as by a few manly words at the opening of his administration, renouncing the idea of victorship and spoils, and declaring his restoration of the principles of Washington, that demerit alone shall cause removals, and merit and fitness alone be made the test of appointments.

IRREPRESSIBLE CONTRACT BILL.

Senator Smith has resorted to what he considers a smart dodge to save the "irrepressible contract" bill. He has proposed to limit the amount for the public buildings, and yet the same bill ratifies the contract which has been repudiated by Councils, and which, carried into effect, it is known, will largely exceed the amount of his limitation. We have no faith whatever in any limitation which the Legislature may pretend to impose, so long as they positively deny the control of Councils over the expenditure. The limitation is only a sop to tax-payers and intended to blind its adversaries as to the real danger. The job is likely to fall into the hands of those who are determined to make it pay if they get it, and nothing is easier than to drag a community into any amount of expense, when it is once fairly caught. The community is then in the situation of a miserable man who gets his hand caught between cog-wheels in machinery. No sooner is he fast, even by the tip of his finger than he is [illegible] and crushed. So it will be with our unfortunate city, if once caught in the trap now preparing.

Can we look with confidence to the House of Representatives to save us from the threatened danger? It is our belief that a majority there are opposed to this iniquitous business, and will not misuse their power to plunder the city's finances. On the very face of the matter it is apparent that the whole thing is a job. A city already overtaxed, showing a deficiency of $1,500,000, in the shape of floating debt, of which nearly a million is in warrants, issued chiefly to laborers and persons employed at small salaries, is to be compelled to squander millions of dollars in useless extravagances! The Evening Journal proposes, as the most direct way to test the public wish in this matter, for the Legislature to leave the question to a vote of the people. First. Whether they wish new buildings, and if so, Second, Where they shall be located. This is a good suggestion, and the Spring election would be an early and fit opportunity for the citizens to decide. When they decide, it will not be necessary for the Legislature to usurp authority over the City Treasury, or Councils, in obedience to this decision, would make the necessary provisions for enforcing it. Will those who are so eager for the job submit to such a test? We doubt it.

THE SEVENTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE CORN EXCHANGE ASSOCIATION of Philadelphia represents the Association as in a very flourishing condition. It now numbers two hundred and eighty-three members, or firms. The report alludes to the railroad arrangements we possess for making Philadelphia a great grain mart. The Pennsylvania Central, connecting at Pittsburg with the Fort Wayne and Chicago Road and the Cleveland and P. R. R., bring those great grain marts nearer to us than any other Eastern market; the difference in favor of Philadelphia from Cleveland being 99 miles, from Chicago 138, from Cincinnati 165, from St. Louis 136 miles. When the Sunbury and Erie R. R. is completed, Philadelphia will possess the two best connections with the Lakes which it is possible to have. Compared with New York, the report says, grain and flour can be laid down in Philadelphia at a saving in transportation of 2½ to 5 per cent. of their prime cost, and, by making some improvements, some of which are now in progress, the expenses can still further be reduced. Grain elevators at the Delaware terminus of the Pennsylvania R. R. are recommended. The arrangements for expediting business on that road are highly praised. The subject of ocean steamships for this port is considered, but we do not see any favorable plan or early prospect for consummating an arrangement which is pronounced so necessary to the commerce of the city.

WHY THE ROUTE WAS CHANGED.—Marshal Kane, of Baltimore, informs the "American" that he advised Mr. Lincoln's friends not to have a procession in Baltimore, lest it should provoke some indignity. The change of route and incognito entrance to Washington were caused by a desire to escape from the ill-timed manifestations of Mr. Lincoln's Baltimore friends, and thus prevent a breach of the peace that would have been disgraceful to the city and derogatory to American character. The "American" says it is a notorious fact that the Baltimore Republican Committee, who proceeded to Harrisburg and declared their determination to escort Mr. Lincoln to his quarters, would have been assailed and pelted with eggs, if not otherwise maltreated. This would have involved Mr. Lincoln in the disturbance. The pretended plot against Mr. Lincoln's life appears to have been the embellishment with which the sensation despatches adorned these facts.

GENEROUS WITH OTHER PEOPLE'S MONEY.—The House of Representatives of our State Legislature has voted, out of the State Treasury, $30,000 towards the relief of Kansas, being a sum three times larger than was asked. A proposition that each member of the Legislature should contribute himself the pitiful sum of ten dollars towards the same object was not received, being declared out of order. It makes a great deal of difference in men's charitable feelings, whether the charity is at their expense or out of the pockets of their neighbors.

GENERAL CAMERON, it is stated, authoritatively, by his friends in Harrisburg, has been appointed Secretary of the Treasury in Mr. Lincoln's Cabinet. The appointment of this gentleman may be considered an indication that Mr. Lincoln will not be found standing on the unyielding platform of the ultra Republican party. Mr. Cameron will make a good member of the Cabinet. He has intelligence, tact and industry, which, in the Treasury Department, are talents always available.

TOTAL DEATHS IN PHILADELPHIA for the week ending on the 2d inst, were 287—114 adults and 173 Children. Of this number 67 were of inflammation and consumption of the lungs, 26 of scarlet fever, and 17 of small pox. There were ten deaths of persons between 80 and 90, four between 90 and 100, and one between 110 and 120.

CONGRESSIONAL.

SENATE PROCEEDINGS.

On *Tuesday*, several important bills were passed—among them those providing for the organization of the Territories of Colorado, Nevada and Dakotah. Committees of Conference were appointed on the Oregon War Debt bill and the tea and coffee amendment to the Tariff bill. The House amendments to the Post-route bill were agreed to, and the bill goes to the President for approval. The Army Appropriation bill was then considered until the adjournment. An amendment, proposed by Mr. Baker, of Oregon, appropriating $50,000 for the protection of emigrants to Oregon, was adopted.

On *Wednesday*, several private bills were passed. A motion to postpone the Army bill and take up the Crittenden resolutions was negatived by yeas 16, noes 27. Mr. Bigler presented the report from the Committe of Conference on the Patent bill, which was agreed to, and the bill passed. Mr. Simmons, of Rhode Island, submitted a report from the Committee of Conference on the Tariff bill recommending an agreement with the House amendment, striking out the duty on tea and coffee. The report was agreed to, and the bill stands passed. The Army bill was taken up. Mr. Hale moved an amendment providing that no officer of the army, except the Lieutenant General, shall receive pay or emolument to exceed five thousand dollars per annum. Mr. Powell moved to include the Lieutenant General also, which was lost by yeas 9, nays 31. Mr. Hale's amendment was also rejected by yeas 16, nays 28. After further consideration the bill was passed. Vice President Breckinridge presented a communication from the President of the Peace Conference, asking that Congress shall submit them to the Legislatures of the States. The clerk then read the proposition, which is a modification of Guthrie's plan as amended by Franklin. On motion of Mr. Crittenden the proposition was ordered to be printed and referred to a Select Committee, with instructions to report to-morrow at 1 o'clock.

On *Thursday*, Mr. Crittenden, from the Select Committee, to whom the action of the Peace Conference had been submitted, made a report recommending its adoption. Mr. Seward submitted a substitute, providing for the submission of the Constitutional amendment question to the Legislatures of the various States. Mr. Doolitle, of Wisconsin, offered a proviso to the first section of the amendment proposed by the Conference, declaring against the right of any State to secede. Finally the report, the amendments, and the joint resolution adopting the report, were ordered to be printed and laid over. Mr. Trumbull, from the Select Committee appointed to notify the incoming President and Vice President of their election, reported that the duty was performed. The report and resolutions of the special Committee to whom was referred the correspondence between the President and the South Carolina Commissioners were made the special order for to-day, after considerable debate, during which a colloquy of a personal character took place between Messrs. Crittenden, of Kentucky, and Fessenden, of Maine, which rendered it necessary for the presiding officer to call them to order. The Post-office bill was then considered, and an amendment proposed by Mr. Wilson, of Massachusetts, changing the Butterfield route, and providing for a daily mail by the Central route to California and the Pony Express, was adopted. The recompense is to to be one million of dollars. The Senate then went into Executive Session, and soon afterwards adjourned.

On *Friday*, among the preliminary business was the passage of the joint resolution allowing Commodore Paulding to accept a grant of land and a sword from Nicaragua, amended so as to strike out the grant of land. The bill to reimburse his expenses in defending himself in suits brought against him by some of Walker's men, was also passed. The report of the Select Committee on the Peace Conference proposition and the Crittenden resolutions was then taken up, when Mr. Hunter, of Virginia, moved to strike out the first article of the former and insert the first article of the latter. Objection was made that the Senate had no right to change the character of the proposition, but the Chair decided the proposition in order. The argument was continued at great length by Messrs. Mason of Virginia, Crittenden of Kentucky, Baker of Oregon, and others—Mr. Mason taking the ground that the propositions of the Conference were worse than nothing for the South, and Mr. Crittenden advocating their adoption, declaring his readiness to vote against his own proposition in their favor. No action was taken, but the Senate finally adjourned, after making the House Compromise resolutions the special order for to-morrow at noon.

On *Saturday* a number of bills were passed, several communications received, and a number of reports read. The Peace Convention propositions were taken up. Mr. Lane, of Oregon, spoke for three hours against the bill, and was answered by Mr. Johnson, of Tennessee. During the [illegible] of the latter gentleman, the applause in the galleries became tumultuous, and the Speaker *pro tem.* ordered them to be cleared. Reports were received from the Committees of Conference on the Army bill and the Indian bill, and the bills were passed. A motion made by Mr. Crittenden, that when the Senate adjourn it be till Sunday at 12½ P. M., was lost. Mr. Douglas made a motion, which was agreed to, that all prior orders should be suspended, and Mr. Corwin's resolutions from the House be taken up. At a few minutes after midnight, the Senate took a recess till 7½ o'clock on Sunday evening. In the session on *Sunday* evening, the consideration of the resolutions was resumed, and Mr. Crittenden spoke in their favor.

HOUSE PROCEEDINGS.

On *Tuesday*, the Volunteer bill was discussed, after which, on motion of Mr. Corwin, it was postponed till Thursday. The report of the Crisis Committee coming up in order, an excited scene occurred between Messrs. Hickman and Sickles. A motion to postpone the subject till Monday was lost by yeas 56, noes 132. A motion to postpone till Saturday was rejected by ayes 56, noes 119, and a motion to postpone till Wednesday was disagreed to by ayes 77, noes 112. The question then being before the House, Mr. Corwin took the floor and said that he desired to take up such measures, without respect to their order, as might be considered vital, and of the most importance, so that if gentlemen should tire with voting, they could omit the comparatively immaterial propositions of the committee.

On *Wednesday*, Mr. Morris, of Illinois, offered a resolution that the select committee on the obstruction of the Indian trust bonds be invested with full powers to examine witnesses as to whether W. H. Russell or any person for him, has, directly or indirectly, paid money to any officer of the United States, or any other person, to assist him in obtaining contracts or allowances from the government, or assisting him in the transaction of business with the same. Mr. Burnett, of Kentucky, suggested an amendment, which was accepted, providing that any person so charged shall be notified, and have the right to examine the witnesses. The resolution as amended was adopted. Mr. Sherman, from the Conference Committee on the Tariff bill, reported that the Senate Committee had receded from their amendment imposing a duty on tea and coffee. The House resumed the consideration of the report of the Committee of Thirty-three. The first joint resolution voted on was the substitute of Messrs. Burch and Stout, recommending to the several States of the Union that they, through their respective Legislatures, request Congress to call a convention of all the States, in accordance with the fifth article of the Constitution, for the purpose of amending the Constitution in such manner, and in regard to such subjects as will more adequately respond to the wants, and afford more sufficient guarantees to the diversified and growing interests of the government, and of the people composing the same. The substitute was rejected by ayes 74, noes 109. The first proposition of the committee was announced with the pending amendments. It was a joint resolution declaratory of the duty of recognizing all constitutional obligations, and recommending such action on the part of the States as will secure these objects. A motion to lay the pending proposition, together with the pending amendments, namely, the Crittenden and Kellogg amendments, on the table, was lost by ayes 14, noes 175. Mr. Kellogg's amendment or substitute was rejected by yeas 32, noes 158. The Crittenden proposition was then rejected by yeas 80, noes 113. The question then recurring on the first resolution of the series reported from the committee, Mr. Sherman moved to lay on the table. Lost. Yeas 66, noes 124. The resolutions were all then adopted by yeas 136, noes 63. The joint resolution to amend the Constitution reported by the Committee of Thirty-three was next considered. It prevents the interference of the non-slaveholding States, and of Congress, with slavery in the States. Mr. Corwin moved an amendment to make it more explicit. A motion to lay on the table was rejected by yeas 68, noes 122. The joint resolution as amended, was then rejected, yeas 120, noes 71, not two-thirds.

On *Thursday*, after the presentation of petitions, the first business in order was the motion to reconsider the vote on Mr. Corwin's proposed amendment to the Constitution, by which it was on Wednesday rejected. Messrs. Kilgore, of Indiana, and Stanton, of Ohio, made strong appeals in favor of a reconsideration, and the adoption of the resolution. Mr. Stanton's speech, especially, was strongly for compromise, and was loudly applauded by the Democratic and Southern members. He peremptorily demanded the previous question, which was finally, after considerable confusion, ordered, and the vote of Wednesday was reconsidered, 128 to 65. The question then recurred on the adoption of the resolution, and it was adopted by the requisite two-thirds vote—133 to 65. The result was greeted with an irrepressible demonstration of applause all over the House. An objection was raised that the resolution should receive a vote of two-thirds of the entire number of members, but it was overruled, and precedents were quoted by the Speaker to sustain his decision. The objection was subsequently withdrawn, and consideration of the subject was temporarily postponed. The Senate's amendment to Mr. Colfax's bill providing for the discontinuance of the postal service in the seceded States were agreed to, and the bill went to the President for his signature. Mr. Morris, of Illinois, from the Committee on the Abstracted Bonds, reported in favor of a Commission to made a settlement with Wm. H. Russell and others, but the report was disagreed to by a decisive vote. The House then considered the Senate's amendment—forty-two in number—to the Miscellaneous Appropriation bill, until the adjournment.

On *Friday*, the first business of importance in order was the report of the Committee of Thirty-three, and the first proposition of that report to be considered was the act for the admission of New Mexico as a State. Mr. Corwin, deeming debate unnecessary, demanded the previous question. Mr. Hickman, of Pennsylvania, moved to lay the proposition on the table, which was agreed to, 114 to 71. The amendment to the Fugitive Slave law, more clearly defining the duties of judges and civil officers, was next in order. This was adopted, after ineffectual attempts to table it, 92 to 82. The next and last of the series was an amendment to the act providing for the rendition of fugitives from justice, intended to prevent contradictory decisions by the Governors of States. This was rejected, 126 to 47, the objection being that it was a direct interference with State Sovereignty. Pending a dispute as to precedence in business, the question being between the proceedings of the Peace Conference and Territorial matters, the House took a recess until 7 o'clock. On reassembling, Mr. McClernand proposed that the report of the Peace Conference be referred to a Committee, but objections were made. Another proposition to admit it failed. Territorial business came up, and the bills providing for the organization of Nevada and Dacotah were passed. Nothing else of consequence was done.

On *Saturday*, 30,000 copies each of the report of the committee of investigation on the abstracted bound cases, and of Mordecai & Delafield's report on the military operations in the Crimea, and 2000 copies of the Morrill Tariff bill, as amended on its passage, were ordered to be printed. The Senate amendments to the Post-office Appropriation bill were considered. The amendment abolishing the present Butterfield route, &c., was agreed to. A message was read from the President, in answer to the request to know the reason for assembling a number of Federal troops in Washington. A resolution was adopted, stating it to have been a grave error on the part of the Secretary of the Navy to accept the resignation of those officers who were in arms against their government. A resolution was adopted presenting the thanks of the House to the Hon. William Pennington, Speaker thereof, for the faithful, courteous and impartial discharge of his duties during the present Congress. Several private bills were passed. The committee of conference on the disagreeing amendment to the Indian Appropriation bill reported through Mr. Howard. He said that the House committee had, instead of allowing $1,200,000, as proposed by the Senate, reluctantly agreed to allow $500,000 to the Choctaws, half in money, half in bonds. The report was agreed to by a majority of nine. The House then adjourned.

EUROPEAN NEWS.

By the arrival of the steamer Canadian at Portland, on Thursday, we have the important intelligence of the capitulation of Gaeta to the Sardinian forces, and the withdrawal of Francis II. and the royal family in a French vessel. The garrison remains prisoners of war till the surrender of the citadel at Messina, which, it will be remembered, continued at the latest dates in possession of the Neapolitan troops. The defence and siege of Gaeta will occupy a prominent place in the history of the Italian revolution of 1860-61. Driven from Naples, the King fled thither early in September last, and has maintained a defence stubborn and protracted beyond the expectation of his immediate partisans, and exceedingly provoking to the friends of Italian unity and freedom.

The fortifications of Gaeta, heretofore renowned for their great strength and endurance have acquired additional notoriety from their persistent protection of the last of the Bourbons. They sustained a terrible siege in 1707, when vigorously attacked by the Austrians. In 1731 when a Franco-Spanish army of 16,000 men assaulted them, and the defenders were only 1500 in number, with 110 pieces of cannon, and an insufficiency of ammunition, they held out five months, and only ceded in consequence of misunderstandings among the garrison.

From the 13th of February to the 18th of July, 1806, when, under the command of Prince Hesse Philipstadt, Gaeta resisted all the attacks of the French army. It was undoubtedly the strongest point in his kingdom to which the unfortunate Francis II could have retired; and [illegible] kindly shelter in the example of Pope Pius IX, who, as our readers are aware, went thither in the perilous days of 1848.

The language of the bombastic manifesto issued by the frightened monarch on his departure from Naples, in which he described himself as the most injured of sovereigns, and Garibaldi as a "daring marauder," and assured all whom it might concern that "right and reason" opposed to "violence and usurpation" would ultimately triumph, and restore to the people the "paternal government" which his Majesty exercised, will undoubtedly never be verified in the sense he intended. The flight from Gaeta will probably complete the overthrow of the Bourbon power, and relieve Italy of all apprehension of future annoyance from a royal race, ever the execration of all who esteem liberty above oppression, and the rights of the people superior to the will of a corrupt and selfish dynasty.

[Correspondence of the Dollar Newspaper.]

LETTER FROM HARRISBURG.

HARRISBURG, March 1.

It seems to be understood that Gov. Curtin will affix his signature to the two railroad bills without unnecessary delay, and after taking proper time to consider their provisions. As they have both been before the Legislature for a month past, and as he has had every opportunity for examining their provisions, there would be no impropriety in his approving of them immediately. A veto of the Sunbury and Erie bill would avail nothing, it having more than a two-thirds majority in both branches of the Legislature, so far Gov. Curtin has abstained entirely from the exercise of the veto, and he will hardly make these bills exceptions to his general policy. No apprehension, however, exists in either case.

The House of Representatives this morning discharged the Judiciary Committee from the consideration of the Public Buildings bill passed by the Senate, and referred it to the city members. The responsibility now rests entirely with them. Their conclusion will determine the fate of the bill, and their constituents may, by proper exertions, control this decision. This decision occurs at an opportune moment. The Legislature is determined to have a recess until the 12th of March. During this vacation your members will visit their homes. Let the people embrace the opportunity of bringing the weight of their disapprobation to bear upon their representatives, and they will hardly dare to disregard and disobey instructions, without making up their minds to political extinction. It is evident that the city members are hesitating about this measure, and now is the time to turn hesitation into opposition.

Mr. Crawford introduced into the Senate the following important bill, to annul the charters of certain banks:

"Whereas, The people of Pennsylvania have found, by many years' sad experience, that her system of banking, while it constantly exposes the public to losses, from the absence of any security for payment of circulation, has wholly failed to afford any support or render any assistance to the business community in those emergencies which arise from disturbances of trade and finance, proceeding from political and other causes, at home and abroad. And whereas, the continuance of the present system will expose the public to further loss and greater inconvenience, from a depreciated and worthless paper currency, without any corresponding benefit. And whereas, in the opinion of this Legislature, the time has arrived when it is necessary for the public welfare that the State should resume the privileges heretofore granted to the banks of the Commonwealth, which have been, in many instances, grossly abused, and that all existing charters should be annulled, in accordance with the laws heretofore enacted for regulating these institutions. Therefore,

"Be it enacted &c., That the several bank charters heretofore granted by the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, by virtue of any special law, be, and the same are hereby annulled: Provided, that the corporate powers of each of said banks, so far as the same shall be necessary for winding up and settling the business of each bank, so that no injustice may be done to the corporators, shall continue and be exercised for that purpose only, for such period of time, not exceeding three years, as may be required, to settle the business of each bank."

This is the most radical measure yet proposed with reference to the Banks, and its adoption would be attended with the most disastrous consequences to the business community, and to those who have their means invested in bank stocks. There can be no good reason for this sweeping destruction of banking institutions. The stump speech contained in the preamble, is not conclusive, although it must be admitted that it is very affecting. The remedy proposed, is about as rational as to cut off a man's head to cure a sore finger. What the Legislature will do, remains to be seen.

The Senate passed the resolution from the House appropriating $30,000 for the relief of Kansas. The principle being thus established that the Legislature may draw upon the treasury for charitable purposes, the poor and suffering of Philadelphia have a right to demand that their claims shall not be overlooked.

The dominant party will have matters all their own way in fixing the apportionment, provided they can agree among themselves, which is questionable, as there are so many individual interests to subserve—so many ambitious, embryo Congressmen who desire districts that will fit them. This conflict of interest is likely to occasion some difficulty.

The Legislature has appropriated $4,000, for the payment of the Peace Commissioners, which is a liberal compensation. M.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

The Policy of the Incoming Administration

THE UNION PERPETUAL.

A Convention of the People Recommended.

FELLOW CITIZENS OF THE UNITED STATES:—In compliance with a custom as old as the Government itself, I appear before you to address you briefly, and to take, in your presence, the oath prescribed by the Constitution of the United States, to be taken by the President before he enters on the execution of his office.

I do not consider it necessary at present for me to discuss those matters of administration about which there is no special anxiety or excitement.

Apprehension seems to exist among the people of the Southern States, that by the accession of a Republican administration their property and their peace and personal security are to be endangered. There has never been any reasonable cause for such apprehension. Indeed, the most ample evidence to the contrary has all the while existed and been open to their inspection. It is found in nearly all the public speeches of him who now addresses you. I do but quote from one of those speeches when I declare that "I have no purpose, directly or indirectly to interfere with the institution of slavery in the States where it exists." I believe I have no lawful right to do so, and I have no inclination to do so. Those who nominated and elected me did so with the full knowledge that I had made this and many similar declarations and had never recanted them—and more than this, they placed in the platform for my acceptance, as a law to themselves and to me, the clear and emphatic resolution which I now read:

"Resolved, That the maintenance, inviolate, of the rights of the States, and especially the right of each State to order and control its own domestic institutions according to its own judgment exclusively, is essential to that balance of power on which the perfection and endurance of our political fabric depend. And we denounce the lawless invasion by armed force of the soil of any State or Territory, no matter under what pretext, as among the greatest of crimes."

I now reiterate these sentiments, and in doing so I only press upon the public attention the most conclusive evidence of which the case is susceptible—that the property, peace and security of no section are to be in any wise endangered by the now incoming Administration. I add, too, that all the protection which, consistently with the Constitution and the laws can be given, will be cheerfully given to all the States when lawfully demanded, for whatever cause, as cheerfully to one section as to another.

There is much controversy about the delivering of fugitives from service or labor. The clause I now read is plainly written in the Constitution as any other of its provisions.

"No person held to service or labor in one State under the laws thereof, escaping into another, shall, in consequence of any law or regulation therein, be discharged from such service or labor, but shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such service or labor may be due."

It is scarcely questioned that this provision was intended by those who made it for the reclaiming of what we call fugitive slaves, and the intention of the lawgiver is the law. All members of Congress swear their support to the whole Constitution—to this provision as much as to any other—to the proposition then that slaves, whose cases come within the terms of this clause, and "shall be delivered up," their oaths are unanimous. Now, if they would make the effort in good temper, could they not, with nearly equal unanimity, frame and pass a law by means of which to keep good that unanimous oath?

There is some difference of opinion whether this clause should be enforced by the national or State authorities, but the difference is not a very material one. If the slave is to be surrendered, it can be of but little consequence to him or to others by which authority it is done. And should any one in any case be content that his oath shall go unkept, or a merely unsubstantial controversy as to how it shall be kept?

Again. In any law upon this subject ought not all the safeguards of liberty known in civilized and humane jurisprudence to be introduced, so that a free man may not be, in any case, surrendered as a slave? And might it not be well, at the same time, to provide by law for the enforcement of that clause in the Constitution which guarantees that "the citizens of each State shall be entitled to all the privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States?" I take the official oath to-day with no mental reservations, and with no purpose to construe the constitution or laws by any hypercritical rules. And while I do not choose now to specify particular acts to Congress as proper to be enforced, I do suggest that it will be much safer for all, both in official and private stations, to conform to and abide by all those acts which stand unrepealed than to violate any of them, trusting to find impunity in having them held to be unconstitutional.

It is scarcely seventy two years since the first inauguration of a President under our national Constitution. During that period fifteen different and distinguished citizens have [illegible] administered the executive [illegible] Government. They have conducted it through many perils, and generally with great success. Yet, with all this scope for precedent, I now enter upon the same task for the brief term of four years under a great and peculiar difficulty. A disruption of the Federal Union, heretofore only menaced, is now formidably attempted.

I hold that in contemplation of the universal law and of the Constitution, the Union of these States is perpetual. Perpetuity is implied if not expressed, in the fundamental law of all national governments. It is safe to assert that the government proper never had a provision in its organic law for its termination. Shall it continue to execute all the express provisions of our national Constitution; and the Union will endure for ever, it being impossible to destroy it, except by some action not provided for in the instrument itself. Again, if the United States be not a Government proper, but an association of States, in the nature of a contract merely, can it be peaceably unmade by less than all the parties who made it? One party to the contract may violate it—break it so to speak—does it not require all to lawfully rescind it? Descending from these general principles we find the proposition that, in legal contemplation, the Union is perpetual confirmed by the history of the Union itself. The Union is much older than the Constitution. It was formed in part by the articles of association in 1774. It was matured and continued, by the Declaration of Independence, in 1776.

It was further matured, and the faith of all the then thirteen States expressly plighted and engaged that it should be perpetual by the Articles of Confederation in 1778, and finally in 1787. One of the declared objects for ordaining and establishing the Constitution, was to form a more perfect Union, but if the destruction of the Union by one or by a part only of the States be lawfully possible, the Union is less perfect than before, the Constitution having lost the vital element of perpetuity. It follows from these views that no State, upon its own mere motion, can lawfully get out of the Union, that resolves and ordinances to that effect are legally void, and that acts of violence within any State or States against the authority of the United States, are insurrectionary or revolutionary, according to circumstances.

I therefore consider that, in view of the Constitution and laws, the Union is unbroken, and to the extent of my ability, I shall take care, as the Constitution expressly enjoins me, that the laws of the Union be faithfully executed in all the States. Doing this I deem to be only a simple duty on my part, and I shall perform it so far as practicable, unless my rightful masters, the American people, shall withhold the requisite means, or in some authoritative manner, direct the contrary. I trust this will not be regarded as a menace, but only as the declared purpose of the Union, that I will constitutionally defend and maintain it. In doing this there need be no bloodshed or violence, and there shall be none unless it be forced upon the national authority. The power confided to me will be used to hold, occupy and possess the property and places belonging to the Government, and to collect the duties on imports; but beyond what may be necessary for these objects there will be no invasion, no using of force against or among the people anywhere. Where hostility in any interior locality shall be so great and so universal as to prevent competent resident citizens from holding Federal offices, there will be no attempt to force obnoxious strangers among the people for that object. While the strict legal right may exist in the Government to enforce the exercise of these offices, the attempt to do so would be so irritating, and so nearly unfeasible withal, that I deem it better to forego for a time the uses of such offices.

The mails, unless repelled, will continue to be furnished in all parts of the Union, so far as possible. The people everywhere shall have that sense of perfect security which the most favorable and calm thought and reflection on the part of the Government can give them. The course here indicated will be followed, unless current events and experience shall show a modification or change to be proper, and in every case and exigency my best discretion will be exercised according to circumstances actually existing, and with a view and a hope of a peaceful solution of the National troubles and the restoration of f

ARMY AND NAVY.

Army Resignations.

The following is said to be a correct list of all officers of the United States Army who have resigned since the passage of the ordinance of secession by the State of South Carolina:

Walker, W. H. T., Byt. Lt. Col., Major 10th Infantry, Georgia.
Dunovant, John, Captain 10th Infantry, S. C.
Wayne, Henry C., Byt. Major, Capt. Quartermaster's Department, Georgia.
Gibbs, Wade H., Byt. 2d Lt. 2d Cavalry, S. C.
Northup, Lucius B., Capt. 1st Dragoons, S. C.
Ferney, John H. 1st Lt. 10th Infantry, N. C.
Stoughton, Edwin H., 2d. Lt 6th Infantry, Vt.
Sill, Joshua W., 1st Lt. Ord. Dept., Ohio.
Cumming, Alfred, Capt. 10th Infant'y, Ga.
Smith, Wm. D., Capt. 2d Dragoons, Ga.
Berry, Thos. H., 2d Lt. 2d Dragoons, Ga.
Garder, Wm. M., Capt. 2d Infantry, Ga.
Gole, Robt G., 1st Lt. 8th Infantry, Va.
Myers, Abraham C. Byt. Lt. Col. Captain, Quartermaster's Department, S. C.
Van Doren, Earl, Maj 2d Cavalry, Miss.
Boggs, Wm. D., 1st Lt. Ord. Dept., Ga.
Butler, Wm., 2d Lt. 2d Artillery, S. C.
Jones, Joseph P., 2d Lt. 2d Artillery, N. C.
James, Geo S. 1st Lt. 4th Artillery, S. C.
Hardee, Wm. J., Lt. Col. 1st Cavalry, Ga.
Lockett, Saml. H., Byt 2d Lt. Corps Engs., Virginia
Dearing, St. Clair 2d Lt 2d Artillery, Ga.
White, Moses I., Byt. 2d Lt. O d Dept., Miss
Gill, Wm. G., 1st Lt. 4th Artillery, N. J.
Jones, David R., Capt. and Asst. Adj. Gen., South Carolina.
Deas, Geo., Maj and Asst Adj Gen., Pa.
Lewis, Theo., Mil Storekeeper, Ord. Dept., Kentucky.
Shaaf, John T., 1st Lt. 2d Cavalry, D. C.
De Leon, David C., Surgeon Med. Dept. S. C.
Whiting, Wm. H. C., Capt. Corps Engs., Mississippi.
Carr, Geo. W., 1st Lt. 9th Infty., Va.
Beauregard, Peter G. T., Byt Maj., Captain Corps Engineers, La.
Wilson, Henry, Col. 7th Infantry, Pa.
Moore, Saml. P., Surgeon Med. Dep't. S. C.
Huse, Caleb, 1st Lt. 1st Artillery, Mass.
Evans, Nathan G., Capt. 2d Cavalry, S. C.
Cunningham, Geo. A., 2d Lt. 2d Cavalry, Ga
De Saussure, Wm. D., Captain 1st Cavalry, South Carolina
Stockton, Philip, 1st Lt. 1st Cavalry, N. J.
Randall, Horace, 2d Lt. 1st Dragoons, Texas.
Ferguson, Saml. W., 2d Lt. 1st Dragoons, South Carolina.
Fletcher, Crawford, Captain 9th Infantry, Tennessee.
Jones, Thos. M., 1st Lt 8th Infant'y, Va.

The resignation of several of the above officers has no connection whatever with secession movements in the South.

The Twiggs Treason.

Dismissal from the Service for Treachery.

WASHINGTON, March 2.—The Secretary of War has published an official order dismissing Gen. Twiggs from the army for treachery to the flag of his country, in having surrendered, on the demand of the authorities of Texas, the military posts and other property of the United States in his department and under his charge.

Forty-three army officers have resigned their commissions since the passage of the South Carolina ordinance of secession, several of them, however, without reference to that subject.

THE trial of Commander Walke, of the U. S. store ship Supply, upon a charge of bringing his vessel to this port, instead of going to Vera Cruz, as ordered commenced at the Brooklyn Navy Yard on the 26th ult. The attendance of navy officers was quite numerous, and much interest appears to be taken in the case. At the outset the defendant made some objections to the specifications, but they were overruled by the Court, and the case proceeded—he Commander pleading not guilty. Commodore Stringham is the presiding officer.

THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

PHILADELPHIA:

Wednesday Morning, March 6, 1861.

THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER,

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And for all who are interested in
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As well as for the Housewife and Fireside.

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Under this head may be weekly found a column devoted to the various Mechanical and Chemical Arts, Patents, Inventions, Improvements in Machinery, Engineering, &c., the aim being to present all subjects discussed in a plain and popular form.

Original Letters, &c.

From Writers in the Country we shall have Weekly Letters, descriptive of the Resources, Character and Habits of the People in the various sections of the Union.

LETTERS FROM WASHINGTON of the Political Movements of Parties, LETTERS FROM NEW YORK, and of the business doings of that great Commercial Centre, will be continued.

The News and Market Reports.

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TO READERS AND WRITERS.

"TO A SWALLOW," by A. H. F., shall early find a place in our columns. It is very pretty.

"BLUE DEVILS," by "Tom Vernon," is accepted.

"A THOUGHT," by C. H. C., will soon appear.

"A PRAYER," by C. P., is declined.

"THE RAJAH AND THE BRAHMIN," by B. C. J., we have filed for publication.

☞ The following letter, dated at Prairie Mills, Muscatine county, Iowa, February 19, 1861, says more of the "Dollar Newspaper," and says it more effectively, than our modesty would let us say upon the same subject:

"Enclosed is $5 for which you will please send the "Newspaper" for the ensuing year commencing with No. 1 of the present volume. Your excellent paper has been a regular visitor in our family for the last eighteen years. Thus, you see, it is an old friend, and we would as soon think of doing without our daily bread as without the "Dollar Newspaper." The sound, conservative and patriotic editorials on the present distracted condition of our country especially recommend it to all true Union men. Would to God it had as great a circulation in the Northwest as that villainous sheet, the N. Y. T——. Respectfully yours, W. H. B.

THE PRESIDENT'S INAUGURAL.

We give in this Newspaper the Inaugural Address made at Washington, by President LINCOLN, on Monday, on the occasion of assuming the duties of his high and important trust. The address is somewhat abstract and general, but we think the reader will discover enough in it to warrant the conclusion that the new administration commits itself to the exercise of the Federal authority in all the States of the Union: the collection of the customs revenues at all the ports, and the protection of all the government property, with the inference that those forts, arsenals, etc., in the possession of the seceding States must be recaptured. There are some qualifications accompanying the enunciation of these rather warlike demonstrations, but if the Inaugural points to any course of policy at all, it is to a perfect ignoring of secession, or any sort of separation of the States of this Union. The tone and temper of the Address is unexceptionable, and by those who approve its sentiments it will be characterized a very proper sort of paper. Those, however, who favor the peace side of the controversy, and who have hoped that if the difficulty could not have resulted in a settlement embracing the perpetuity of the Union, that at least the people might have separated amicably, have much ground for apprehending the most serious consequences—even to bloody collision—of war, brother against brother.

We refer the reader, however, to the address, which is short enough to be universally read.

RARE SEEDS—PATENT OFFICE.

A letter from Washington, dated the 24th ult., says, the distribution of seeds and plants intended for the North and West will be commenced this week. The Southern and Seceded States have already had their share. Farmers and gardeners who wish to change their garden seeds, should write to the representative of their district in Congress immediately, if still in Washington, if not, then to one of the Senators, who will remain for some days. These seeds are said to be the finest, and to contain a far greater variety than ever before issued from the Patent Office. Hence it is of the utmost importance to the whole country to have them reach farmers and others before they select their spring seeds. Some fifty hands employed in packing and assorting seeds have been dismissed. Those now employed expect to remain so until the first of July next. This delay in the delivery of seeds requires and will no doubt receive a slight waking up next month. The city members from New York, who, as a general rule have very few constituents who care for seeds or plants, have recently had a good example set them by the Hon. Daniel E. Sickles, who, after having fully ascertained the quantity required to satisfy the demands of his own district, has directed that the rest to which he is entitled be sent to the several school districts in the more agricultural parts of the State of New York.

The Patent Office has also issued for distribution three volumes of the Annual Report—two mechanical and one agricultural. Every proper means should be used to get these books into the hands of the farmer and mechanic, for whom they are intended. One would think that the members of Congress who depend largely upon these two classes for the distinguished honor of occupying seats in the councils of the nation, would think of them when they have favors to distribute which by right belongs to them. Instead of this, the meaner sort of M. C.s, it is said, peddle these books about the streets to the different second-hand bookstores, and sell them at a few figure per volume as to enable the dealers to sell them at $10 per hundred. These honorable members vote away the public money on the pretense of giving books to their agricultural friends, and then sell them for about one-eighth the cost of the printing and binding!

THE ARMY AND NAVY.

Have we touched the bottom of this secession movement yet? is the question upon which much depends, but which can hardly yet be answered satisfactorily. We have perhaps the geographical dimensions of it, but we have not yet ascertained its limits in the army and navy. That two thousand five hundred men should have laid down their arms at the demands of those in rebellion to the Government, is to us incredible. The order to do so argues such a prostration of every principle of allegiance to Government on the part of one of the oldest officers in the army, as this country never expected to witness. One such and but one recurs in all the troubled history of France; that of the brave, impulsive, but irrevocably disgraced and perjured Ney. But his treachery was nothing in point of guilt to that of General Twiggs. Ney acted from *impulse* and from that alone, and the sight of his old leader seduced him from all his most settled determinations.

General Twiggs has, while holding on to his country's service, betrayed it, demoralized and set an example to all his junior officers of treachery, such as was not conceived possible in an American officer. His whole course stands in marked contrast to that of Major Anderson, and to every settled standard of morality and honor clearly established in the code of regulations in the American army, and which this secession business has been the instrument of developing in the highest degree in several instances. There is not a military man in all Europe but what would condemn Twiggs as a disgrace to the military profession.

But the question recurs, whether we have yet seen the full extent of the treason, and whether the commanding officers of some of the vessels of war now at sea, perhaps at distant stations, will not bring their vessels, if possible, into some secession port and surrender their ships as Twiggs has surrendered the property of the United States into the hands of the Confederacy. It is well known that some vessels were expected home long since, that without orders sent word that important matters induced them to visit certain islands of the Pacific not expected of them, and that they would not be back for some months. The question has been asked, whether some of those vessels have not strayed away because of information received that after the 4th of March there would be two nations, and their allegiance would be optional.

SUBMIT IT TO A VOTE.

The House of Representatives at Harrisburg have referred the subject of public buildings in Philadelphia to the County members. This does not take away from the bill its outrageous and unconstitutional features, by which the city is deprived of rights which exist in all free communities. What is the urgent necessity, except to those who want a profitable contract confirmed, of hastening this matter, and especially in violating fundamental rights of the community? If the people of Philadelphia want public buildings, of the costly character contemplated and in the location desired, nothing can prevent their having their will in this matter. But it is because the few individuals who want this extravagant contract confirmed are afraid to trust the people with the question, that they are endeavoring to get the Legislature to force it upon them. Let the Legislature refer the matter to a vote of the people at the Spring election. No fair man can object to such a decision. None but the people of Philadelphia are concerned in the question, and none but they should have the decision of it. It is not simply a question of expense which is to come out of their pockets, but it is also a question of convenience—the convenience of the people of Philadelphia—and their decision would settle the matter without any further trouble. If the people say they want marble palaces at Penn Square, no one will then object. If they decide that they will have less expensive buildings on what we believe to be the most central and convenient location in the city, their will should be respected. This is an easy and fair mode of settling this dispute. It relieves the Legislature of any necessity of passing outrageous acts, which will be a source of trouble hereafter. It deprives the city of none of its rights or its proper control over its own treasury. It places the buildings just where a majority of the citizens choose to put them, and at such cost as property-owners and tax-payers are willing to incur. It would have the city representatives co-operating in the work, instead of warring against it, and it would give character to the bonds which it will be necessary to issue to pay for it, instead of discrediting them by the fear of repudiation.

A PEACE PROPOSINION.

The Peace Conference, on Wednesday of last week, agreed upon a plan of compromise, being Mr. Guthrie's plan, in a modified form, which they recommend to Congress, to be laid before the several States for adoption. Substantially, the proposition is a restoration of the old Missouri Compromise line, through to the Pacific, and which it is proposed to incorporate in the Constitution. To effect this two-thirds of both houses of Congress must agree to lay the proposed amendment before the State Legislatures for ratification, and three-fourths of the several States are necessary to ratify it, either by Legislative act or by Convention. What chance there is in Congress for such action we shall soon see. The time is short for its action, but in time of peril to the country action may be stimulated by a patriotic regard for the public interest, and a desire to save the Union from disruption. If it cannot get the necessary vote of two-thirds in Congress, a majority of that body may submit the subject to a popular vote in the several States, and with the endorsement of a majority of the States and a majority of the people, it is not likely that the Congress which next assembles would disregard so positive an expression of the popular will, but would adopt the amendment by the necessary vote of two-thirds.

That the proposition will receive the approval of the people we believe. It might even be submitted to the States now in secession, where the people have never yet had an opportunity of passing their judgment upon the acts of their State Conventions. If a majority of the voters in each of the seceding States were to agree to this proposition, it would be a repudiation entirely of secession, and it would be a difficult matter for the political leaders to keep the States so agreeing out of the Union. This probably would be the readiest way of testing what is really the popular will on this question of the Union, and be the easiest way for the restoration of such States as are tired of a separate confederacy, if any such there be.

WHAT THEY WILL NEED.—A correspondent of the Charleston Courier, writing from Montgomery, Ala., says that the Provisional Government will require twenty-five millions, wherewith to support itself during the current year. The postal embarrassments may make a serious addition to this amount, and the contingencies of war, embassies and negotiations, increase largely these figures.

THE HOUSE NUMBERING arrangement adopted in Philadelphia is recommended for New York by the "World" of that city. The Council have the subject of renumbering before them. Their present arrangement is a very bungling one, and leads to a great deal of confusion, whereas our plan is highly convenient, and has put an end to the trouble which formerly existed from an improper system.

LITERARY RECORD.

Mercedes of Castile. By J. Fennimore Cooper. W. A. Townsend: New York. S. McHenry, Sole Agent, Philadelphia.

This is another of the series of the Cooper novels now being issued by the publishers. We have noticed the preceding volumes of this very handsome edition of our great novelist's works, and that now before us is equal to any of them in the style of "getting up." The issue for the present month is not so well, and, probably not so favorably known as some of the other works of the great romancer, but it is, nevertheless, a novel of much power and graceful finish. Of course, those who possess the other volumes of this beautifully illustrated edition will not fail to have this one, and so preserve the set perfect. The volume before us is the 26th of the series, leaving but six to complete the set, which will appear in the following order: "The Crater," "Heidenmauer," "Afloat and Ashore," "Miles Wallingford," "Ways of the Hour," and "Precaution." This last volume will contain a portrait of Mr. Cooper, from a painting by Elliott; a view of Otsego Hall; a Biographical Sketch by William C. Bryant; and a list of the volumes in their proper order.

A Message from the Sea and the Uncommercial Traveller. By Charles Dickens. T. B. Peterson & Brothers: Philadelphia.

This enterprising firm of publishers have nearly or quite monopolized the publication in this country of all the works of the inimitable "Boz," and to meet the unexampled demand for them have varied the editions to all sizes and qualities of binding. The two of his last stories here named are now before us in one volume, large duodecimo, bound in cloth, and sold at $1 25 per copy.

Secession, Coercion and Civil War. By J. B. Jones. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

The author of this volume is already well known to the reading public. In the present volume he has evidenced rare tact and skill in working a great variety of exciting and interesting incidents of every-day life into a complete and highly attractive story. The idea of the book we judge to be not so much to picture the horrors of war, as to present the ill effects of coercion and disunion.

[COMMUNICATED.]

AN ACCOUNT OF THE WEATHER.

1860.	Clear	Cloudy	Rainy	Snowy	WARMEST DAYS IN 1860.		
Jan'y	4	15	3	9	June	15	86 deg. ab. zero.
Feby	5	21	3	4	do.	19	87 do.
March	5	14	5	7	do.	22	90 do.
April	0	19	10	1	do.	26	94 do.
May	0	14	17	0	July	10	93 do.
June	2	16	12	0	do.	15	90 do.
July	0	18	13	0	do.	16	96 do.
August	1	18	12	0	August	6	96 do.
Sept'r	1	20	9	0	do.	7	100 The highest.
Octob'r	2	16	12	0			
Nov'r	0	18	12	0			
Dec'r	1	14	16	0			
Total	17	204	104	19			

Uniontown, Belmont County, Ohio. J. G. L.

THE POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS IN THE SECEDING STATES.—Inasmuch as the "old Union" has resolved no longer to bear the burden of the postal arrangements of the new "Southern Confederacy," the Congress of the latter has been compelled to devise a postal service of its own. As the cost of the postal service in that region has been $1,660,000 more than the receipts, it is evident that a very great change has to be made, and that the ordinary channels of intelligence in that quarter are to suffer considerable interruption. The rates of postage are increased. On each letter not half an ounce or less, five cents for five hundred miles, and ten cents for over five hundred miles; drop and advertised letters two cents. Newspapers, not exceeding three ounces in weight, within the State where published, sold a half cents per quarter; papers published semi-weekly, double that rate; papers published thrice a week, treble that rate; papers published daily, six times that rate; and the postage on all newspapers to actual subscribers, without the State where published, shall be charged double the foregoing rates. A tax of $1 56 on daily newspapers, in addition to the cost of the newspaper to subscribers, is not likely to increase the amount of useful information in the States of the Confederacy. Provision is also made for a gradation of postage on books, periodicals and pamphlets. Numerous routes are to be discontinued, and minor post-offices to be abolished. Stamps are to be used. The franking privilege is abolished, except in the case of the post-office department. Letter registration is repealed.

NEWS AND NOTINGS.

Gen. Wool is on his pins again as bright as a tom-tit on a pump handle. So says the Boston Post.

. . . . In a mill at Saxonville, Mass., they work and worship at the same time. Prayers and spindles are going at once.

. . . . Even if a woman had as many locks upon her heart as she has upon her head, a cunning rogue would find his way into it.

. . . . Prentice thinks that one reason why men practice so little generosity in the world is that they find so little there—it is catching.

. . . . Feydeau, the author of the novel called Fanny, was recently married. May it improve his shocking principles.

. . . . Some dozen applications for patents have been made by the citizens of States which have seceded, and in every instance they make oath that they are citizens of the United States.

. . . . A Western paper, announcing the death of a gentleman in Iowa, says—"He was a great admirer of Horace Greeley, but otherwise a respectable man."

. . . . The returns of the national census show a very material growth of the slave population during the last decade—an increase of thirty per cent. in ten years.

. . . . Greeley says the town elections in New York still show that the heart of the Empire State still beats fearlessly for freedom—and he might add, freely beats Greely, too.

. . . . A malicious Black Republican paper says, Toombs is a profund egotist, and that if he were on the gallows, he would continue to speak of himself until the Sheriff "dropped the subject."

. . . . The Washington Star thinks that Mr. Van Wyck was assaulted by a rowdy club known as "Rams"—they have served about a dozen individuals in the same way during the year past.

. . . . It is now generally understood that the circulation of the report that Washington was to be attacked on the 4th of March, was only a ruse of Lincoln and Seward to keep off the horde of office-seekers.

. . . . Judge Low, of St. Louis has decided that a paper published in the interest of a religious sect is not a newspaper, and that legal notices, published in such journals, are null and void.

. . . . During that cold Thursday, a little while since, a loving couple in the interior of New York State rode several miles to get married. Their ears, noses and fingers were frozen, and the ceremony was delayed until they could thaw out.

. . . . A few weeks ago, while the skating on Central Park was good, a young lady from Jersey City enjoyed the exercise for some hours, and, unbeknown to herself, froze one of her feet. She went home, put it into hot water, mortification ensued, and in eight days she was a lovely corpse.

. . . . We have some alarming statistics about crinoline from Sheffield, England. The manufacturers there produce more than seventy tons of crinoline steel weekly, and employ upwards of 5000 hands in its production. The process of covering or binding gives employment to almost as large a number of persons in London.

. . . . There are men-tormenting women, and women-tormenting men in the world, both of them expert in the armament of men-craft and women-craft. And there are times when it is the easiest thing imaginable for the sexes to be enamored of one another; and other times when it is the hardest of all tasks to tolerate their caprices, infirmities, and contradictions.

. . . . Mr. Greeley tells the President elect that *'he may live a hundred years without finding another so good a chance to die,'* as by the Baltimore assassins. That same Horace did not keep his appointment to lecture in St. Louis lately; can anybody guess why?"

Because he thought he *could* get a "better chance to die" by waiting a little longer. It was a simple matter of calculation, and Horace clearly arrived at a very sensible conclusion. No one can blame him for not going to St. Louis when he was not wanted—but when a man is so wise for himself, he should not be so otherwise in judging of others. Possibly Mr. Lincln knows about as well as Mr. Greeley does when he will have the best "chance to die."

AMUSEMENTS.

The new sensation drama, "Marriages not made in Heaven" was produced at the Walnut Street Theatre on Monday night, with Mrs. Waller in the principal female character. At the Arch, the new comedy of "Playing with Fire" will be performed up to Wednesday evening. On Thursday evening, Boucicault's new sensation drama will be produced. The Continental Theatre opened on Monday evening with a new company, by Mr. Henry Willard, of Boston. The pieces for the opening night were "The Maid of Croissy," "The Young Widow," "Ben the Boatswain," and "The Artful Dodger," in which Mr. J. G. Hanley, Mr. Chas. E. Thorne, Mr. Henry Chapman, Miss Caroline Chapman, Mrs. H. Chapman, Miss Annie L. Vering, and Miss Emily Mestayer, appeared. McDorough's Varieties continue to flourish with the "Seven Sisters." The changes introduced last week added a great deal to its beauty and its effectiveness, as the audiences nightly testify their approval of the manager's judicious efforts to please them. Sanford's burlesque of the Seven Sisters is a very good thing, and as amusing as any he has ever produced. It draws well. Blitz's experiments are nightly appreciated. We do not know what the amusement seekers would do without Blitz.

TELEGRAPH NEWS.

THIRTY-SIXTH CONGRESS—2d Session.

WASHINGTON, Sunday night, March 3, 1861.

SENATE PROCEEDINGS.

Mr. Crittenden's Joint Resolutions, being those of the Committee of Thirty-three, were before the Senate the greater part of Sunday night, and after various attempts at amendment, all which were voted down, the question was taken on the original resolutions as they came from the House.

The following was the vote:

YEAS—Messrs Anthony, Baker, Byles, Bright, Crittenden, Dixon, Douglas, Foster, Grimes, Gwin, Harlan, Hunter, Johnson of Tennessee, Kennedy, Latham, Mason, Morrill, Nicholson, Polk, Pugh, Rice, Sebastian, Ten Eyck, Thompson—24

NAYS—Messrs Bingham, Chandler, Clark, Doolittle, Durkee, Foot, King, Sumner, Trumbull, Wade Wilkinson, Wilson—12.

Mr. Polk was in the chair, and decided that it was carried, two thirds having voted in the affirmative.

5.20 A. M.—Mr. Trumbull appealed from the decision of the chair, on the ground that it required two-thirds of the whole vote of the Senate.

The decision was sustained—yeas 33, nays 1. Messrs. Wade and Mason moved to take up the Crittenden resolutions. Agreed to.

The question was then on Mr. Clark's amendment, which was disagreed to by yeas 15 nays 22.

Mr. Crittenden then moved to substitute the resolutions of the Peace Conference.

Motion lost by yeas 7, nays 28.

The question was then on the adoption of the Crittenden compromise resolutions. Lost by the following vote:

YEAS—Messrs. Bayard, Bigler, Bright, Crittenden, Douglas, Gwin, Hunter, Johnson of Tenn., Kennedy, Lane, Latham, Mason, Nicholson, Polk, Pugh, Rice, Sebastian, Thomson and Wigfall—17.

NAYS—Messrs Anthony, Bingham, Chandler, Clark, Dixon, Doolittle, Durkee, Fessenden, Foote, Foster, Grimes, Harlan, King, Morrill, Sumner, Ten Eyck, Trumbull, Wade, Wilkinson and Wilson —20.

At 7 A. M., the Senate took a recess till 10 o'clock.

The Senate met pursuant to adjournment, and after the transaction of some unimportant business, which occupied the Senate up to 12 o'clock, the Vice President called the Senate to order, and said:

"Senators: In taking final leave of this position, I shall ask a few moments in which to tender you my grateful acknowledgments for the resolution declaring your approval of the manner in which I have discharged my duties, and to express my deep sense of the uniform courtesy which as the presiding officer, I have received from the members of this body. If I have committed errors, your generous forbearance has refused to rebuke them, and during the whole period of my service I have never appealed in vain to your justice and charity. The memory of these acts will ever be cherished among the most grateful recollections of my life, and for my successor I can express no better wish than that he may enjoy the relations of mutual confidence which so happily have marked our intercourse.

"Now, gentlemen of the Senate and officers of the Senate, from whom I have received so many kind offices, accept my gratitude and cordial wishes for your prosperity and welfare."

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

The House re-assembled at 10 o'clock.

Much miscellaneous business of no particular importance was disposed of, with the usual noisy accompaniments.

The report of the Committee of Conference on the bill amendatory of the Patent laws was adopted.

Mr. Sherman, from the Select Committee appointed to wait on the President, said the had performed that duty, and that the President had informed them he had submitted his last official communication to the House.

A motion was here made to adjourn, when the Speaker rose, amid marked silence, and delivered the following address:

THE SPEAKER'S FAREWELL.

"Gentlemen of the House of Representatives: We have now arrived at the close of the Thirty-sixth Congress. During its progress scenes of an extraordinary character have been witnessed. Several States have seceded, and all their members, with one exception, left this hall. No power on this country can witness such an exhibition without feelings of the deepest anxiety. As your presiding officer, I have felt it my duty to deviate from the established practice by entering into discussion on the floor. Indeed, the demands upon the time of the chair are sufficient in its view without, and it is wise in the Speaker should not be entangled in the conflicts of debate.

"You will permit me, therefore, before parting, to say publicly what is well known to many, if not all of you, that I have ever been, and am now, and I trust ever shall remain, a devoted friend of the Union of the States, and favorable to any just and liberal compromise. The report of the Committee of Thirty three of this House met my cordial approval, and I have never hesitated to declare my belief that a Convention of all the States, to consider actual or supposed grievances, was the proper and most available remedy.

"As a member of the Union, I declare my conviction that no tenable ground has been assigned for a dissolution of the ties which bind every American citizen to his country, and imperial history will condecide. My confidence in the American people is such that I believe no just complaint can exist long without a redress at their hands. There is always a remedy in the Union. With this view, I still declare my willingness to join in measures of compromise. I would do so because of the ancient ties that have bound us together under the institution framed by our fathers, and under a constitution framed by the immortal Washington.

"I would do so, for the national honor is committed to the experiment of free institutions. I would do so for the love I bear for my countrymen in all parts of our beloved land, and especially so for the sake of that noble band of patriots in the border Southern States, who, against great opposition, have stood firm, like rocks in the ocean, for the peace and perpetuity of the Union.

"But, gentlemen, I may not further dwell on these general subjects. For the discharge of the duties of this station, to which I was called by my kindness, I can only say it has been my purpose to do all in may power to promote your comfort as members, to deal impartially with all and to advance the best interests of the country. So far as any success has attended my administration in the chair, it is to be ascribed very much to the kindness and forbearance of the members of the House. I claim for myself only the merit of good intentions and honest purposes. The resolution you have been pleased to adopt is truly gratifying, and will be among my most agreeable recollections of this place. I thank you, gentlemen, for this mark of your approbation. I could not fail to remark that this resolution was presented by the oldest member of the House, by whom I was sworn into office, and one whose elevated character is acknowledged by us all.

"I believe no former Speaker ever received more kindness at the hands of the House than has fallen to my lot. Amid all the conflicts of opinion on questions continually arising you have never overruled any decision I have made. I do not infer from this that I was always right, but I do infer that if wrong the House believed it was through misapprehension and not by design, and that it was your magnanimity that led you to sustain the Chair.

"You will permit me, I hope, to say here, that I am under great obligations to the officers of this House for their assistance and devotion to my comfort. I return them all my very warmest thanks. And now, gentlemen and friends, it only remains that I take my leave of you. The parting hour is an honest hour. When I first came among you I declared myself a national man. I am so still, and trust I shall ever remain so. Often in my retired moments I shall think of you and the many scenes through which we have passed.

"My prayer to Heaven for you is, that you may have that blessing which cometh from above, and that the Great Ruler of Nations, in whose hands are the destinies of us all, may restore peace to our country—bring order out of confusion, and union to the present distracted elements. Gentlemen, I now bid you an affectionate farewell."

Mr. Pennington was frequently applauded during the delivery of the address, which it was concluded by announcing the adjournment of the House *sine die.*

Much good humor prevailed, the usual farewells were spoken, and the members separated.

The Inaugural Ceremonies.

WASHINGTON, March 4.—Pennsylvania avenue appeared to-day like a street crowned with flags, the national ensign flying from every available point throughout its entire length. Every window, balcony, and door step on the route of the procession was crowded with spectators, and upon every block of marble or timber, or heap of building materials, the people were clustered like bees. The utmost good humor seemed to prevail, and no disturbances occurred of any importance.

A large police force was stationed at the north door of the Capitol, and no one but ladies and those mentioned in the programme were admitted.

The Senate chamber was handsomely furnished with brocade-covered chairs, ranged in rows between the desks of the Senators, and the entire galleries occupied by ladies in elaborate toilettes. Conspicuous among them were the ladies of the diplomatic corps, who appeared in full numbers, the gentlemen of the corps taking stations on the right of the Vice President, dressed in their full court dress of gold laced coat, cocked hat, small sword, &c.

Horace Greeley appeared in the reporters' gallery.

On the procession entering, the various dignitaries took their positions in accordance with the arrangements of the Committee.

BURGLARS IN HIGH LIFE.—We learn from the Carlisle papers, that several students in Dickinson College have, for some time past, been playing the part of burglars in that town, and operated quite extensively. The American Volunteer speaks of the detection and exposure of the "upper ten" burglars, and the *modus operandi* by which they obtained supplies of jewelry, cigars and tobacco, pistols and knives, and other "luxuries." One of the burglarious gang is the son of a prominent and highly respectable citizen of Dauphin county, and another belongs to an aristocratic Carlisle family.

MURDER AND ATTEMPT AT SUICIDE.—A couple of weeks ago the wife of Barney Keelen, residing at Williamsport, Pa., disappeared in a mysterious manner. Suspicion being aroused, her husband was arrested last Friday, and on the following day the woman's body was found, with the throat cut from ear to ear. When Heelen was informed of the finding of the body, he made a suicidal attempt, by cutting his throat, and nearly succeeded. The Coroner's jury found a verdict against the prisoner.

WOOL.—The Ohio Farmer advises wool growers not to wash their sheep, but to shear the wool without being washed, and sell it in that condition. Manufacturers prefer unwashed wool, because much of that which is washed on the animal is injured by the operation.

[Correspondence of the Dollar Newspaper.]

THINGS IN NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, March 4.

A fugitive slave, said to belong to Mr. Jamieson, of Petersburgh, Va., was taken into custody, on Friday, by the U. S. Marshal, placed in a close carriage, and driven off to the steamer Yorktown, to sail for Richmond, at 3 P. M. The darkey, on being taken out of the carriage, exhibited a very decided oppugnation to ship, and lustily cried upon the bystanders to come to his rescue.

The appeal was not made in vain. A numerous crowd of sympathizers immediately assembled on the spot, and as the negro was about to be thrust upon the plank one of the city police stepped up and demanded the Marshal to show his warrant. The Marshal said the document was in his office, and went off to get it; but in his absence the negro was hustled off by the crowd, and is supposed to be now somewhere in Jersey. The affair created an intense excitement, and had the Marshal returned with "the papers," it is a question whether he would have been able to place the fugitive on board. Mr. Jamieson, the alleged owner, is in the city, and expresses the utmost indignation at the proceedings. The Marshal is much blamed for not having "the papers" with him.

Steamships Fulton, for Southampton and Havre; Saxonia, for Southampton and Hamburg and Kangaroo, for Liverpool, sailed on Saturday, the first with 63 passengers, the second with 127 and the third with 106. Mr. Louis Clementi, the Pope's Nuncio, recently banished from Mexico, and five sailors from the French ship Don Juan, are on board the Fulton. Mme Caradori, late of the Academy of Music, is passenger on board the Saxonia.

In the tall scene of the new opera at the Academy, (un ballo in maschera,) it seems that many of the lady and gentlemen patrons of the opera are in the habit of appearing in masks, by permission of the management, but in consequence of a scandalous rumor, affecting the reputation of some of the figurantes at the last representation, it is said that the privilege will have to be suspended. The parties in question have been in the best society, and have always considered exemplary members of Calvary Church. It would scarcely do to go further into details here, but the sensation journals, doubtless, will serve them up in due season.

It is all the wind that blows nobody good. But for the Montgomery tariff the Southern ocean steamers would not be coining money, as they are now, in conveying to Charleston, Savanah, and New Orleans tons and tons of merchandise, which, but for an anxiety to escape the payment of duties after the 4th of March, would not have been ordered till much later in the season. The Columbia, which left for Charleston this afternoon, was obliged to stop receiving freight yesterday, and the Marion, for the same port, on Saturday, is already three quarters full. The wharves at which these vessels are lying, are literally loaded with goods of all kinds, waiting for shipment.

The First Annual Commencement of the Homœopathic Medical College of this city took place on Friday last, at the Historical Society Rooms. The attendance was quite numerous. Ex Mayor Tiemann occupied the chair. Prayer was offered by Rev. Matthew Hale Smith. The Valedictory address was delivered by Professor Beasley, M. D., previous to the conferrence of M. D. was conferred upon the following gentlemen:—M. J. Coleman, Rodney, Miss; W. C. Coulton, Woodstock, C. W.; F. W. Coulton, Mount Elgin, C. W.; H. H. Darling, Worcester, Mass.; A. C. Fletcher, New York city; E. M. French, Elmira, N. Y.; Charles Holt, Modeny, N. Y.; J. W. Hunnicon, Lowell, Mass.; H. S. Hutchins, Batavia, Mass.; Benj. Lasius, New York city; E. D. Leonard, Syracuse, N. Y.; N. A. Mosman, Springfield, Mass.; W. W. Munn, Niagara Falls; Wm. Murrell, Mobile, Ala; W. M. Pratt, New York city; G. H. Parkhurst, Florida.

The anniversary of the Nursery and Child's Hospital was held at the institution. The attendance was numerous, and included many ladies. Receipts for the year, $10,543 43; payments, $8,854 48. Addresses were made by Rev Messrs. Chip. Hoyt, Herrick and Smith. The number of women at present in the institution is 126; children, 237.

Specie shipments for the week, $176,161.

The following is a comparative statement of the imports of foreign dry goods and general merchandise at New York for the week and since January 1st:

For the week.	1859.	1860.	1861.
Dry Goods	$2 639 464	$3,778,024	$1,377,202

ODE TO NEVADA.

BY HORATIO HUBBELL.

[The Sierra Nevada is that mountain mass which forms so distinguished a feature in the topography of Upper California. It rises 10,000 feet above the land of the Pacific Ocean into the region of eternal snow. It was crossed by Col. Fremont in 1844, and is fully described in his journal and despatches.]

Lo! lonely and high,
The snow-crowned Nevada!
'Gainst the c esr azure sky
Stands the lofty Nevada!

When seen from afar,
Thy peak, bright Nevada,
Like some new risen star,
Is gleaming, Nevada!

Like a Titan of old,
Proud, aspiring Nevada!
Heaven itself thou wouldst hold
Bold, grasping Nevada!

Look abroad, far abroad,
Rock-tow'ring Nevada!
Mountain, ocean, as lord
Then own thee, Nevada!

But few o'er thee roam,
Wild, dreary Nevada!
In thy summi's no home
Finds the eagle, Nevada!

Yet the sun-beams oft play
Round the rose-hued Nevada,
And the purple-dyed ray
Tints the waves and Nevada!

How hush'd goes the night
On the silent Nevada,
With the stars burning bright
Above thee, Nevada!

If the moon pours its stream
Of effulgence, Nevada!
Thou wilt stand in its gleam
Pale and spectral, Nevada!

But the blast and its moan,
Snow-swept Nevada!
Bear and breathe the deep tone
Of the tempest, Nevada!

When the winds, pipi g loud,
Chant their dirges, Nevada!
And the snow-drift its shroud
Throws around thee, Nevada!

Farewell to thee now—
Thou majestic Nevada!
Beauty mantles thy brow,
But adieu! now, Nevada!

THE FARMER.

[We will send the "Dollar Newspaper" gratuitously, for one year, to all who will become occasional contributors to this department of the paper. At the expiration of the year it will be discontinued, unless our attention is called to a renewal.]

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

PATENT OFFICE AGRICULTURAL REPORTS.

What They Ought To Be.

I have already observed that our American farmers are very generally of the opinion that we have not yet attained perfection in any one department of agriculture, either as an art or as a science, and that they are anxiously looking forward for something new to improve their condition in these respects. And this opens the way for some additional reflections worthy of our notice.

As a people we are excessively fond of some things that are new, as, for example, of new fashions of dress, new house-furniture, and everything else that is for the time-being fashionable. And many a family has spent, and will continue to spend, every dollar it can raise to gratify this useless and often ruinous desire for such new things. So we are, on the other hand, also very distrustful of and very reluctant to buy some things that are new. Thus, for example, the farmer may need a new plow, threshing machine, grain-reaper, wind-mill, or the like, and would willingly pay a good price for such an article. But he is afraid to expend his money for a new and untried article, lest it might prove utterly or comparatively worthless, and so he continues to get along as well as he can with his old implements. And he certainly acts wisely in being thus afraid and cautious, for a very large majority of our newly-invented and patented agricultural implements are measurably worthless, not even as good as our old implements. And this same cautiousness of, and even prejudice in, the minds of many against new farm implements also exist and prevail against anything that is new in *farm-culture*, the tilling of the soil. For our people are just as slow in believing and in reducing to practice any *new* course of husbandry, as they are in trusting a newly-invented farm implement. And they act wisely in this matter, too, for we ought never to abandon a mode of farm culture that we know will do well *until we are sure of something that will do better.* So you will perceive that I am not in favor of anything new in farm culture just because it is new. For there are many new theories of farm culture broached in our day that are perfectly visionary and cannot stand the test of reason. But this is not the case with everything that is new; for experience has shown us that there are some *new* ways of doing things that are much better than our old ways of doing them. Thus, for example, numerous experiments have shown that small potatoes, when perfectly ripe and sound, and even small cuttings of large potatoes, with one or two good eyes or buds to each cutting, will do just as well to even better for potato planting than large whole potatoes will. I know that this is still denied by many, but I have tried it for the last three or four years, and always with success, greater success than I could have obtained from large and whole potatoes used as seed. So our Western farmers, who have plowed down their corn-stalks and the heavy crops of weeds and prairie grass natural to their soils, have found them to make a valuable vegetable manure, and to renew the exhausted energies of their lands and keep them strong and productive; while those who have *burned up* their corn-stalks, weeds and prairie grasses, in order to get rid of them, and make the plowing and harrowing of their ground easier, have done so to their own great injury, as their soils are now giving unmistakable signs of rapidly increasing weakness and of approaching sterility. So you see that I did not err when I said, in a former number, that even *weeds*, when properly understood and properly managed, would be useful, for they would make a valuable manure.

And now, since we are upon the subject of weeds, let us see what is meant by weeds. Noah Webster, in his dictionary, defines the word weed thus, to wit: "*Weed.*—The general name of any plant that is useless or troublesome. The word, therefore, has no definite application to any particular plant or species of plants; but whatever plants may grow among corn, grass or in hedges, and which are either of no use to man or injurious to crops are denominated *weeds.*" Weeds, then, are, according to Webster, such plants, herbs and grasses as are either useless to man or injurious to our regular farm crops. Now I hold to and believe in the old time-honored doctrine, that our adorable Creator has not formed anything in vain, that is for useless purposes, but that every plant, herb and grass of the field, and of the woods, and of our waters, has been given us for certain most wise and useful purposes. Still I admit that most, if not all of these plants, herbs and grasses would be very troublesome and injurious if permitted to stand and grow up among our wheat, corn, potato and other farm crops. For upon this point, I presume, there is not any difference of opinion among men, at least I have never heard of any. But then these same plants, herbs and grasses that are so troublesome and injurious when growing in and among our farm crops would, in my opinion, under proper culture and treatment, make an excellent manure if grown and plowed down upon our fields that have, for the time being, no saleable farm crop of wheat, corn or the like growing upon them. We all know the value of red clover when plowed down as a manure, and that when so plowed down there is but little or no danger of its disturbing our ensuing farm crop, whatever it may be, with its own after-growth of clover plants in the shape of weeds. And why may not the same thing be done with *other* plants and grasses? Can any one give us any good reason or reasons why it may not be done? And if it can be done, will not an intermixture of some ten, twelve or more suitable plants, herbs and grasses make a still stronger, heavier, richer, more powerful and more enduring manure than red clover alone ever has made or can make? I do think it will, and reason will compel me to believe in this theory until they who are opposed to it have clearly shown one of two things, to wit, either: 1. that such plants, herbs and grasses, as are commonly called weeds, contain *no* fertilizing gasses or matter whatever in their composition; or 2. that it is *impossible* to sow, grow and plow them down together for manurial purposes without producing an after-growth of their several species in the shape of weeds. Give me such proof and I will at once abandon my present views and cheerfully confess my error. Permit me, however, to say in this connection, that I have never tried the above theory, and that if I were going to do so, I should never use dock, burdock, Canada thistles, &c., as there would be no necessity for it, since we have an abundance of plants, and also of grasses, that are far less objectionable for this purpose. Such a trial of it can easily be made, by any one, upon a few square yards of poor ground, or in some corner of a poor field. And if it does well there, it will do equally well upon a larger scale. And hence there is no use in long controversies upon this sort of vegetable manuring, as actual experiment, and that alone, is the decisive test of its excellence or worthlessness. So let the reader try it, and report his mode of trial and its results, as this is the only way of settling this question fully and fairly.

So there are many other things, both old and new, on which we ought to have clearer and more reliable information than we have yet received in the pages of our Patent Office Agricultural Reports. I have already pointed out some of these subjects, and to these the reader can doubtless add others that occur to his own thoughts, and that are equally worthy of our national attention. Indeed we have a large amount of *old* agricultural knowledge, scattered here and there through numerous books almost inaccessible to our rural population, and this knowledge when collected and properly arranged and condensed, would do a vast amount of good among our plain and practical tillers of the soil. And to thousands of such readers much of this old information would actually be new, and possess every charm and attraction of novelty. And our annual Agricultural Report as a nation should not only embody more or less of this information in a popular form, but also keep up fully with the best agricultural knowledge of the times. And it should not even stop here, but present critical views and reviews of all such new theories and practices as are likely to effect, either for good or for evil, our best interests as an agricultural nation. And these views and reviews should be as plain, and as philosophical, and as practical as it is possible to make them, for the book that is expressly designated to instruct our toiling sons in the culture of old mother earth, should be prepared with the utmost possible care, no matter what amount of time, care and money it may cost. Books so prepared would always be looked to as *standard works, reliable authority*, until thrown into the shade or displaced by others founded upon sounder principles of philosophy and of practice. For our knowledge upon these subjects is still imperfect and perhaps will remain so, and so compel man to be a learner until this earth of ours shall be no more. In short, let us not part with any of our *old* agricultural knowledge, that we know to be good and sound, until we find something new that is still better—and let us press forward cautiously in all of our new inquiries and discussions until we have satisfactorily attained this desirable result. This it seems to me is not only the safest but the wisest course that we, as a nation, can pursue on this vital branch of our national industry. But if I am mistaken, and any one can show you that I am mistaken, and do so, and present ideas more worthy of the public attention than I have, I shall be glad to read them and yield him all due honor for his superior wisdom and patriotism.

A PENNSYLVANIAN.

Milton, Northumberland Co., Pa., 1861.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

HOUSEHOLD ECONOMY.

I am much pleased to see ladies writing for this department of the "Newspaper," for I think they may, by so doing, be a great help to each other in the many perplexities of domestic life. None of us are too wise to learn, and beginners especially in the science of housekeeping will be benefitted. It may be asked, why write on this subject, for surely there are many receipt books? This is true; but while some of them are not ample guides on the subjects of which they treat, others are based upon a plan both *expensive* and *unhealthy*, and all of them, that I have seen, leave an inexperienced housekeeper at a stand in regard to many of the things most necessary to economy and comfort. Excellence in housekeeping is not, as considered by some, incompatible with superior intellectual culture. The most elevated minds fulfil best the everyrday duties of life. We may improve much by observation and perseverance, having it always in our minds to do everything in the best possible manner, not forgetting to consider our resources, that appropriateness and consistency appear throughout. "It is much better," says an able writer, "to adopt a style of expenditure below our means, than above them." A very little advance in the style of living creates an additional expense, greater than would at first be believed. That little sentence, "I can do without it," has saved many dollars for future exigencies. Family comfort can hardly be found without a conscientious practice of economy; and neatness generally follows, for although there can be neatness without economy, there cannot be economy without neatness.

In arrangements for the table, it is best to provide dishes that are easily cooked on those days that we are the most busy. If we are subject to *uninvited* company, and our means do not allow us to set before them as good a table as they have at home, we should not distress ourselves or them with apologies. If they are real friends they will cheerfully sit down with us to such a table as is appropriate to our circumstances.

Good bread is an indispensable article in housekeeping, and there are many ways to make it. A few experiments, with careful attention, will enable a person of good judgment to succeed with any of them.

In the "Newspaper" of the 30th of January I noticed a recipe for making "Soft Rye Bread," by "A Farmer's Wife" of this county. I know the recipe to be good, as I have tried it. But the lady shows a great antipathy to "milk rising." She speaks of it as *abominable*; which makes it very evident that she does not understand making this kind of nice white bread, so much preferred by many. And for the benefit of the readers of this Department, as well as the writer of the said article, I will give my manner of making bread, in which I have had experience for over twenty-five years, and scarcely ever fail to have excellent bread: I take half a teaspoonful of new milk, one teaspoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful of saleratus, then turn in about one pint of boiling water, and, after letting it stand about five minutes, thicken it with good wheat flour to a stiff batter; this, by keeping it *warm*, will rise in about five hours. When light, I mix a warm sponge, which will rise in about fifteen minutes, then mould it, and in a very short time it will be ready for the oven. This mode is for wheat or rye. By adding a little butter it will make the nicest biscuit.

We should so systemize our work as to secure comfort and order, and not be wholly absorbed by our cares and possessions.

E. W.

Bradford County, Pa., 1861.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

INQUIRIES ANSWERED.

WINTER CHERRY.—*St. Lawrence County, N. Y.*—In answer to an inquiry that appeared in a late number of the "Newspaper," in regard to the "Winter Cherry or Cape Gooseberry," by "J. B.," I will give him what information I possess in regard to it. In 1859, I procured some of the seed of Mr. Stebbins of Gowandy, New York; planted it, and with considerable care managed to ripen some of the fruit. Although I tried various methods of preparing it, yet it was far from an agreeable food or sauce. In a raw state it was hardly less palatable than *potato balls*. It is hardly necessary to state that we abandoned its cultivation. Perhaps we did not give it a fair trial, and will give the opinion of those better acquainted with it.

A correspondent of the Nebraska Farmer, writing to that paper, says: "Last year I sent East for a lot of garden seeds. Among others I received a package labelled 'Strawberry Tomato,' which I found to be what I have always known as Ground Cherry! Is that the Strawberry Tomato, or was I humbugged with weed seed?" To which the Editor replies: "The Strawberry Tomato and the Ground Cherry are one and the same. In many parts of the country, they grow as common weeds. In Ohio, we recollect, it was considered a great pest." This is what we said when the idea of making money out of the "weed" was first started.

A correspondent of the Boston Cultivator, says: "The ripe fruit is indeed *excellent* for pies, used in the same manner as the common cherry, and for a *fine preserve they cannot be equalled*, especially if a little lemon juice be added." If this is really so, it is worth knowing. But the Editor of the Cultivator says: "We have seen it wild in great abundance in several of the Western States, and have destroyed thousands of the plants as troublesome weeds. We have seen the fruit used as a preserve, when other fruits are scarce, but except in such cases have not known it valued." The fact of their being troublesome weeds is easily accounted for, as they scatter their seeds, which are not injured by the cold, and frost, and readily germinate in the spring. In conclusion we would rather have one thrifty apple tree than all the Ground Cherry in the United States.

ST. LAWRENCE.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

JAPANESE WHEAT.

I was shown, a few days ago, by the Postmaster of this place, a circular commending a new and valuable kind of wheat. This new kind of grain is dubbed the "Japanese Wheat," which is to be had *only* of the firm named, as they had secured it at much expense. The Japanese Wheat is to mature in twenty days less time than oats, and to yield from one hundred to two hundred bushels per acre as a field crop! The Japanese Wheat is in every way a very remarkable kind of grain; it not only yields large quantities per acre, but the grain makes a *very fine flour.* The grain for feed is equal to corn. Hogs will fatten well onit. The straw is as good as the best timothy or clover hay. The Japanese Wheat weighs fifty-six pounds per bushel.

This is a glance at the correct description of the grain given by the proprietors(?). Their circular winds up by saying, that if any person will send them $1 in gold, they will send, by mail, pre-paid, a sufficient amount to grow at least three hundred bushels, the following year. I am inclined to think that this is one of the long list of hocus-pokus-legerdemain to empty the pocket of the honest farmer of his surplus cash to their especial benefit. Does any of the readers of the "Newspaper" know of such a thing as the Japanese Wheat?

Owen County, Ind., 1861. J. J. B., M. D.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

INQUIRIES.

WASHING CLOTHES.—*St. Lawrence County, N. Y.*—Can any of the readers of the "Newspaper" inform a farmer's wife of a reliable preparation for facilitating the operation of washing clothes, and the process of manufacturing and using it? Agents have been selling an article through this county, but it is so costly that we cannot afford to use it as much as we would like to.

MRS. W.

STIFF JOINTS.—I have a valuable young mare that is affected with stiffness in the knee joints of her hind legs. At starting, the first few steps are taken with extreme difficulty, but after that she moves with perfect ease. The joints in point of shape and size are perfectly natural. The stiffness first appeared when the mare was about one year old. Any person knowing a cure for the above-described difficulty, will greatly oblige by inserting it in the "Newspaper."

UNION.

SETTING OUT FRUIT TREES.—*Concord, Ind.*—Will any one of the readers of the "Newspaper" inform me of the best method of setting out and attending young fruit trees? I expect some valuable trees from the Rochester, N. Y., nurseries to be delivered here by the 15th of April, and being a novice in the art of horticulture, I concluded to write to the "Newspaper" for information. Let those who *thoroughly understand* the business answer. I should say my trees consists of apple and pear.

R. G. C.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

AN ERROR NOTICED AND CORRECTED.

Your correspondent "Chips," of Michigan, in his letter of Feb. 8, 1861, praises the "Newspaper" very highly when he says that "as a family newspaper for the rural districts it is not only *unrivalled*, but positively *unapproachable*" on account of its agricultural and other varied excellencies. But this praise, high as it is, will be endorsed by most of your readers. Once in a while, however, I see something in your Agricultural Department that I cannot approve of. For example, your correspondent, "A Pennsylvanian," in speaking of the defects of our "Patent Office Agricultural Reports" in your paper of February 20, 1861, says: "So these Reports are greatly defective in not imparting to us a proper knowledge of our various *grapes*, both foreign and domestic, their relative productiveness and value as a food for cattle." Now as I never heard before of grapes being a food for cattle, I wish "A Pennsylvanian" would explain this subject more fully, for as it now stands I cannot approve of the sentiment.

A FARMER.

February 28, 1861.

[We would inform "A Farmer" that the word *grapes* referred to was a misprint—it was and ought to have been *grasses*—and when so corrected the sentiment is correct, and will be approved of by all of our readers.—*Ed. Dollar Newspaper.*]

SCIENCE AND ART.

INVENTIONS AND IMPROVEMENTS.

INDUSTRIAL VALUE OF HAIR.—In the manufacture of hair into various articles of use and ornament, the hair of different animals is employed. But the most interesting feature connected with this kind of manufacture is the hair harvest, so to speak, in France. There are hair merchants in Paris, who send agents in the spring of the year into the country districts to purchase the tresses of young women, who seek to obtain a regular annual crop. The agents frequent fairs and markets, and have with them a stock of handkerchiefs, muslins, ribbons, &c., which they give in exchange for their hair. It is estimated that some two hundred thousand pounds of hair are thus purchased at each spring harvest. The price paid is about five francs per pound. The agents send the hair to their employers, by whom it is dressed and sorted, and sold to the hair-workers in the chief towns at about ten francs per pound. That which is to be made into perukes is purchased by a particular class of persons, by whom it is cleaned, curled, and prepared to a certain stage, and sold to peruke makers at twenty to eighty francs per pound. The peruke maker gives it the form which, as is well known, commands a very high price. In respect to both the hair itself, and to perukes and other articles made of hair, France supplies a considerable quantity to the United States and to other countries. Differences are observed in manufactures from curly or from straight hair; the former is spun into a kind of elastic cord, while the latter is woven into a kind of cloth for sieves, damask hair and bottoms, etc. The hair here spoken of is horse hair, obtained chiefly from the tail, and may be dyed of various tints. The mode of weaving horse hair cloth does not differ essentially from other kinds of weaving; there are simply a few minor adjustments of the looms necessary, to accommodate the rigidity of the material.

WIRE CABLES AND ROPES.—Cables made of fine iron wire twisted together will sustain a far greater weight than chains having the same weight, and on this account, have come into extensive use. Many of the suspension bridges in Europe are constructed with wire ropes. The diminished weight of iron wire which is required to support an equal strain with the more massive chains, is however, attended with certain disadvantages, so far as the construction of bridges is concerned. For, in consequence of their lightness, wire bridges are much more liable to be thrown into vibration by winds, the passing of vehicles and other causes—and there is no doubt the continuance of such vibrations has a tendency to diminish the tenacity of the iron. Wire ropes are much employed in mines and coal pits, especially in England. It is found, however, that after they have been in use for some time, they are liable to break, without the employment of any extra force, although not perceptibly worn. This change being probably due to the same cause as that which acts upon solid bars of iron. It may be stated that a wire rope, which will be one inch square, of the best cast iron, may be extended by a weight of nine and three-fourths tons per square inch; a bar of the same size, of the best wrought iron, will sustain a weight of thirty tons; a bundle of wires one-tenth of an inch in diameter, of such a size as to form the same quantity of material—which, as the wires do not lie in perfectly close contact, must be more than an inch square—will sustain a weight of from thirty-six to forty-three tons; and if the wire be drawn more finely so as to have a diameter of only one-twentieth or one-thirtieth of an inch, a bundle containing the same quantity of material will sustain a weight of from sixty to ninety tons.

ENGLISH PINS.—At one of the Birmingham factories, upwards of one hundred and fifty tons of brass are used annually for the manufacture of pins. Were this quantity converted into the plain and ribbon pins, half an inch in length, it would produce the enormous number of one hundred billion and eight hundred million, or about one hundred to each inhabitant of the globe. If placed in a straight line, they would extend to nearly eight hundred thousand miles, or sufficient to encircle the earth thirty times, or to hang three wires from our planet to the moon.

At the Birmingham pin factories, the brass wire is reduced by the ordinary process of wire drawing to the requisite thickness. In this process it is necessarily curved, to remove which it is rewound and pulled through a number of pins, arranged at the draw or straightening bench; it is then cut into convenient lengths for removal, and finally reduced to just such a length as will make two pins. The pointing is done upon a steel mill or revolving wheel, the circumference of which is cut with teeth. Thirty or forty lengths are picked up at once, and, as in needle making, the cast of hand given by the operator makes them revolve, and the whole are pointed at once; the same operation is performed with the other end. The process of heading is next effected as follows:—

A number of the pointed wires, now cut in two, are placed in the feeder of the machine—one dropped in is firmly siezed, and, by means of a pair of dies, a portion of the metal is forced up into a small bulb; by a beautifully simple and automatic arrangement, it is passed into another, when a small horizontal hammer gives it a sharp tap, which completes the head. The white co or is produced by boiling in a solution of cream of tartar and tin.

TELESCOPIC APPEARANCE OF JUPITER.—When the planet Jupiter is examined with a good telescope, his surface is seen to be crossed by a nuber of zones or bands, of a browner hue than the rest of his disc, these being commonly termed the belts." The telescope shows them to be by no means uniform in their appearance; sometimes there is only one seen, sometimes as many as eight, and they have been occasionally, but rarely, seen to be broken up and distributed over the whole surface of the planet. Branches running out from them, and dark spots, are by no means uncommon; and it is from the attentive observation of these, that the period of his rotation on his axis has been determined. The belts are always parallel to the equator—that is, they correspond exactly with the direction of the movement of the surface; and from this fact, when taken in connection with the continual changes which they are undergoing, new appearances being sometimes witnessed in an hour or two, it has been supposed that they were produced by changes in the atmosphere of the planet, determined by currents that resemble our trade winds.

BALANCED VALVE FOR LOCOMOTIVES.—It appears that the balanced valve is now being successiully applied to engines. It consists simply of the ordinary valve, with two rectangular recesses cast in the sides. Each recess is some two and one half inches deep, opening down to the valve seat, three fourths inch wide and ten inches long. In the top of each recess are two wedges, or inclined planes, adjusted to set screws at the ends, so as practically to deepen or heighten the recess. Under these inclined plates are six steel rollers, which rest on the valve seat and carry the valve. The rollers are say one inch in diameter by five-eighths inch; these sizes may be somewhat varied to suit circumstances. To adjust the valve, it is first screwed tightly down to its seat, and the inclined planes are then so adjusted as to wedge the rollers tightly down to the seat also; in fact, when both the seat and the valve absolutely touch the seat, it is found that the valve, under steam, will move so easily, that the reverse lever may be thrown back and forth with one hand. The inclined planes are of steel, and a steel plate is let into, or put upon, the valve seat, to form a permanent way for the rollers.

TREATMENT OF PYRITES AND OTHER ORES.—A patent has been taken out in England for treating pyrites and other ores, as follows. The ores are just ground so as to pass through a seive having about one hundred holes to the square inch. They are then introduced into a furnace where two processes are constantly being carried on with the same heat. The first part of the process consists in the calcining of the pyrites, so as to reduce the sulphur in them to about five per cent.; and in the second place, the decomposi g of the calcined ores by common salt. The ground ores, when first placed in a chamber of the furnace, evolve sulphurous acid, which passes off into another chamber, where it is converted into sulphuric acid by being brought in contact with a proper quantity of oxygen. These calcined ores are then withdrawn, mixed with about five per cent. of common salt. Then placed in another chamber of the furnace, in which they are reduced. After this they are smelted to obtain either the iron, copper, silver or tin which may be in them.

ODE

Of the Union Party in Charleston, in 1832.

[FROM THE JOURNAL OF COMMERCE.]

THE following ode breathes a spirit which must commend itself to every patriotic citizen. It was writt n by the Rev. Dr. Gilman, of Charleston, and was sung at the 4th of July celebration, in 1832, by the Union party of that city. I had the satisfaction to be present, and to assist in the choir. The procession had moved to the Baptist Church to listen to an oration by Colonel Drayton, one of the influential men of the Unionists, while the Nullifiers were headed by the great Hayne, by Hamilton and others.

Hail, our country's natal morn!
Hail, our spreading kindred born!
Hail, thou banner not yet torn,
Waving o'er the free!
While this day, in festal throng,
Millions swell the patriot's song,
Shall not we the notes prolong!
Hallowed jubilee!

Who would sever Freedom's shrine?
Who would draw the invidious line?
Though by birth one spot be mine,
Dear is all the rest—
Dear to me the South's fair land,
Dear the central mountain band,
Dear New England's rocky strand,
Dear the prairie West!
By our altars pure and free,
By our Law's deep-rooted tree,
By the past's dead memory,
By our Washington—
By our common kindred tongue,
By our hopes—bright, buoyant young,
By the tie of country strong,
We will still be one.

Fathers! have ye bled in vain?
Ages, must ye droop again?
Maker, shall we rashly stain
Blessings sent by Thee?
No! receive our solemn vow,
While before Thy throne we bow,
Ever to maintain as now,
"Union—Liberty!"

The effect of the ode was truly sublime. When the choir came to the last four lines of the last verse, the whole audience arose spontaneously, and there was an awful grandeur in the sound of the thousands of voices exclaiming—

No! receive our solemn vow,
While before thy throne we bow,
Ever to maintain, as now,
"Union—Liberty!"

Choir and organ and harmony were drowned by the wild ejaculations; but it started feelings not unsuited to the sacredness of the place of meeting, and the light of the uplifted eye had to struggle through the tears, and there was not a man present who would not, at that moment, have cheerfully sacrificed life, fortune and position to Union—Liberty!

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE WIFE TAMER.

Mrs. Morton was a widow—a young, pretty, rich widow—when Dr. Charles Strahan made her acquaintance. She was poor but very handsome when Squire Morton married her, and at his death, two years after, became sole heir, put on her widow's weeds, and pocketed her deceased husband's gold at the same time.

Madam Rumor said that poor old Morton never enjoyed a single hour after he married her; but how should Madam Rumor know? Of one thing, however, I can give my readers reliable information. Mrs. Morton had not been a widow twelve months ere she received, with seeming pleasure, very decided attentions from Dr. Strahan.

Do you inquire who Dr. Strahan was? Well he studied medicine and had the title of M. D., conferred upon him, which he took pleasure in attaching to the end of his name with a great flourish. But it is asserted that he never had half a dozen patients in as many years. He was a young man of prepossessing appearance, a ready talker upon any subject, and was, in fact, first-rate company. He played the flute and sang—was a good dancer and an excellent partner at whist; beside he had some literary reputation. He wrote poetry and two column sketches for the Weekly Leveller, and last, though not least, he dressed in good taste and in the height of fashion; how he did it no one knew, but then it was no one's business.

But I must be allowed to contradict one rumor which gained considerable prevalence, to the effect that he supported himself by his literary labors, an ordinary scribbler could hardly afford Strahan's wardrobe.

Old Squire Morton had been dead but a little over a year when Dr. Strahan, despite all that gossippers could say, married the widow and her fortune. The fact was, he wanted a rich wife—as to her, she was anxious to leave her weeds and go into society again, and she could divine no readier way to accomplish these purposes than by marrying. When any one spoke to the doctor about her being a shrew, he merely remarked that he should take pleasure in taming a shrew.

For three months they lived happily together, for it was in the height of the season, and between Cape May, Newport, Saratoga and the White Mountains, they were alone with each other scarce three hours out of the twenty-four; consequently it was impossible for them to disagree. But the season was soon over and they returned to their quiet home—the place of all others to study a wife or husband—there is no unnatural excitement, no fashionable Mrs. A. to outdress, no profligate Mr. B. to outdo in squandering money; no one to see, to please, but the "other half."

After a season of long continued gaiety there necessarily follows one of extreme dullness; and when one is dull, one is easily displeased. Now Mr. and Mrs. Strahan were both of them remarkably dull, and, as a matter of course, both were greatly displeased.

It was their third day at home upon which their first quarrel commenced. How it commenced neither could clearly tell. It is only known that Strahan expressed a desire to dine upon roast beef, upon which Mrs. S. said she abominated beef, and would have roast turkey and oyster sauce—"he'd have beef or nothing." She'd have turkey, and thus commenced the war of the Strahans. One ordered the butler not to have fowl; the other gave strict instructions not to have beef, while Mrs. S. visited her friends and partook of turkey.

After supper, Dr. S. gave a wine supper in the room which he dignified by the name of study, a sort of variety store, in which he kept a library, writing desk, and spittoon. Here also were two glass cases, one of which contained a giant's skeleton hung on wire; in the other was an Egyptian mummy.

The walls were hung with curiosities; among them a cane from a tree which grew over Washington's grave, a snuff box from the wood of the Charter Oak, a chip from the United States Frigate Constitution, minerals, shells and fossils of all kinds, specimen ears of corn, enormous sized, fruits and vegetables, cases of dried insects and pickled reptiles. Stuffed birds were perched about the apartment, and voluptuous French lithographs and portraits of distinguished persons were hung promiscuously on the walls; a long reading table, arm chairs, a prescription case, a mammoth bell metal pestle and mortar completed the furniture of the "study."

During the same evening Mrs. S. had a whist party in the parlor.

Wine held her votaries in bondage longer than cards. Mrs. S. had dismissed her party and retired hours before her liege lord came to his chamber, and when he did come he found the door locked, himself without and her within. In vain he called to her; she could not and would not hear; and he was compelled to find a bed elsewhere, which he did, muttering to himself, "I'll tame her yet." And he laid all night forming a plan to bring her to submission. In the morning he asked her to walk into the study; and there, seated in an arm chair, they renewed their fierce wordy quarrel during which Mrs. S. called her husband a heartless, brainless fellow, who married her for money. To which the Doctor replied by calling her a low vulgar woman, who was only too glad to marry a professional gentleman and author, to enable her to enter better society. After which she toyed with her fan, and finally pulled the bell cord and ordered the servant, who answered it, to bring her carriage to the door.

"Where are you going?" demanded the doctor.

"To ride," replied the amiable Mrs. Strahan.

"I will go with you, if you please."

"But I do not please."

"Then I choose to go."

"Very well, then you go alone, I cannot go with you."

"You cannot go unless I go with you."

"We will see."

"Well we will see," and the gentleman walked out of the room, locked the door, put the key into his pocket, and left the house.

She did not sit down and burst into a flood of tears, but waited patiently for the servant to return, whom she had sent for the carriage. When he returned, she told him, through the key hole, to return the horse to the stable, and place a ladder against the study window. The ladder was placed according to directions, and a turkey with oysters and pasty was brought up to her. The ladder was then removed and everything prepared for the re-appearance of her husband.

About the middle of the afternoon the doctor returned home, stepped softly through the hall towards the door, and peeped through the key hole, expecting to see a striking picture of humility and contrition.

Judge of his surprise then, when he saw Mrs. S. sitting before his long reading table, on her right hand his bell metal mortar, in which she was roasting his mammoth specimen apples, sweet potatoes and her turkey. Next her stood his water bath, in which she was cooking oysters, and she occasionally stirred them with his spatula; on the table stood one of the bottles of wine which had been left from a previous night's revelry, which the lady, for want of a champagne opener, had deprived of its neck with a wedge-wood pestle, and using a four-ounce graduate for a wine glass, she had cut up champagne baskets for fire-wood, with an Indian tomahawk. On the left hand stood the Doctor's writing-desk, which she had broken open, and scattered on the desk were tender missives of his earlier love flames, manuscript pages of sketches and tales, unpublished odes, poems and unpaid tailor's bills, while the lady sat reading first a sweet love letter, then an ode on Napoleon, and so on, throwing them page after page into the fire. Thus the husband's brain-work and wooden curiosities were made to cook the dinner.

The Doctor looked silently on as long as he could; then taking the key from his pocket, he unlocked the door, and—it was bolted on the inside.

"Mrs. S.," he shouted.

"Well, sir?"

"Open the door."

"I am very busy now, and can't be disturbed."

"Open the door, or I'll burst it in."

"Do as you please, sir; but your mummy and giant's skeleton are placed against the door, so be careful and not break them."

The Doctor was foiled. For a few moments he stood and thought what course it was best to pursue. Suddenly recollecting the ladder, he hastened through the hall out doors, leaving the door unlocked and the key in it. His footsteps had scarce died upon the stairway, before his wife had removed both cases from the door, drew the bolt and stood in the entry. It was but the work of a moment to throw the remaining letters, poems and manuscripts into the fire, remove the wine and eatables, lock the door upon the outside, and put the key in her pocket.

Meanwhile the Doctor was raising the ladder to the window, and by the time he had placed and ascended half its length, his wife and a favorite man servant were watching him from a lower window.

The Doctor pushed up the window and jumped in; the servant jumped out of the lower window and pulled down the ladder. In an instant Strahan saw that the bird had flown, and he rushed back to the window just as the ladder reached the ground.

"Put that ladder back again," shouted the Doctor from an upper window.

"Let it be where it is," cried the wife from the lower window.

"Put it up here instantly, or I'll discharge you," bellowed the upper window.

"Let it alone and I'll double your wages," chimed in the lower window.

"Do as I tell you, blockhead," yelled the Doctor.

"Come into the house, John," said Mrs. S., very coolly.

And John went into the house, leaving the medical gentleman heaping curses upon everybody, including his wife and servant—John.

All night long the Doctor was kept a prisoner. Just before his wife retired, she put her lips to the key-hole and whispered:

"What success in taming a shrew, Doctor?"

The next morning she came to the door and called:

"Doctor."

"Madam?" replied the gentleman.

"Would you like some breakfast?"

"I am not particular."

"There is cold turkey left, if you would like it, sir."

The doctor deigned no reply, and the lady again left him alone.

During the afternoon she again stopped at the door and called:

"Doctor."

"Well, my dear?" very humbly.

"Would you like some dinner?"

"I should."

"Will cold turkey do for you?"

"Anything, my dear."

"If I let you out, will you promise never to look me up again?"

"I will."

"And never object to my eating turkey again?"

"Never."

"And attempt to tame a shrew again?"

"Never."

"Then—you—may—come—out."

And the lady unlocked and threw open the door.

To this day Dr. S. has never attempted to dictate to his wife what she shall eat, or when she shall ride, and has never been heard to boast again of "taming a shrew."

JOHN ALCOHOL.

John Alcohol my Joe, John,
When first we were acquaint,
I had money in my pocket, John,
But now, you know, I hain't!
I've spent it all in treating you,
Because I loved you so,
But mark how you have treated me,
John Alcohol my Jo!

John Alcohol my Joe, John,
We've been too long together,
You must now take one road John,
And I will take another,
For we must fumble down, John,
If hand in hand we go,
And I will have to foot your bills,
John Alcohol my Jo.

ARTEMUS WARD ON THE SHAKERS.

The Shakers is the strangest religious sect I ever met. I'd hearn tell of 'em and I'd seen 'em, with their broad brim'd hats and long waistid coats; but I'd never cum into immejit contact with 'em, and I'd set 'em down as lackin' intelleck, as I'd never seen 'em in my Show—leastways if they cum they was disgised in white peple's close, so I didn't know 'em.

But in the Spring of 18— I got swampt in the exterior of New York State, one dark and stormy night, when the winds blue pityusly, and I was forced to tie up with the Shakers.

I was tollin' through the mud, when, in the dim vister of the futer, I observed the gleams of a taller candle. Bein a hornet's nest to my off hoss's tail to hinder encourage him, I soon reached the place. I knockt at the door, which was opened unto me by a tall, slick-faced, solum lookin' individooal, who turn'd out to be a Elder.

"Mister Shaker," sed I, "you see before you a Babe in the Woods, so to speak, and he axes shelter of you."

"Yay," said the Shaker, and he led the way into the house, another Shaker bein' sent to put my hoss and waggin under kiver.

A solum female, lookin' somewhat like a last year's bean-pole stuck into a long meal bag, cum in and axed me was I athurst and did I hunger, to which I urbanely ansered "a few." She went orf, and I indevered to open a conversashun with the old man.

"Elder, I spect!" sed I.

"Yay," he sed.

"Helth's good, I reckon?"

"Yay."

"What's the wages of a Elder, when he understands his bizness—or do you devote your sarvices gratooitus?"

"Yay."

"Stormy night, sir?"

"Yay."

"If the storm contineners there'll be a mass underfoot, hay?"

"Yay."

"It's onpleasant when there's a mess underfoot?"

"Yay."

"If I may be so bold, kind sir, what's the price of that pecooler kind of weskit you wear, includin' trimmins?"

"Yay."

I pawsed a minit, and then thinkin I'd be faseshus with him and see how that would go, I slapt him on the shoulder, bust into a harty larf, and told him that as a *yayer* he had no livin ekal.

He jumpt up as if bilin water had been squirted into his ears, groaned, rolled his eyes up tords the sealin and sed: "You're a man of sin!" He then walkt out of the room.

Just then the female in the meal bag stuck her head into the room and statid that refreshments awaited the weary traveller, and I sed if it was vittles she ment the weary traveller was agreeable, and I follered her into the next room.

I set down to the table and the female in the meal bag pored out sum tea. She sed nothin, and for five minits the only live thing in that room was a old wooden clock, which tickt in a subdooed and bashful manner in the corner. This dethly stillness made me oneasy, and I determined to talk to the female or bust. So sez I, "Marriage is agin your rules, I bleeve, marm?"

"Yay."

"The sexes liv strickly apart, I spect?"

"Yay."

"It's kinder singler," sez I, puttin on my most sweetest look and speakin in a winnin voice, "that so fair a made as thou never got hitched to sum likely feller." [N. B.—She was upwards of 40 and homely as a stump fence, but I thawt I'd tickel her."]

"I don't like men!" she sed, very short.

"Well, I dunno," sez I, "they're a rayther important part of the populashun. I don't scacely see how we could git along without 'em."

"Us poor wimmin folks would git along a grate deal better if there was no men!